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NICK CARTER STORIES

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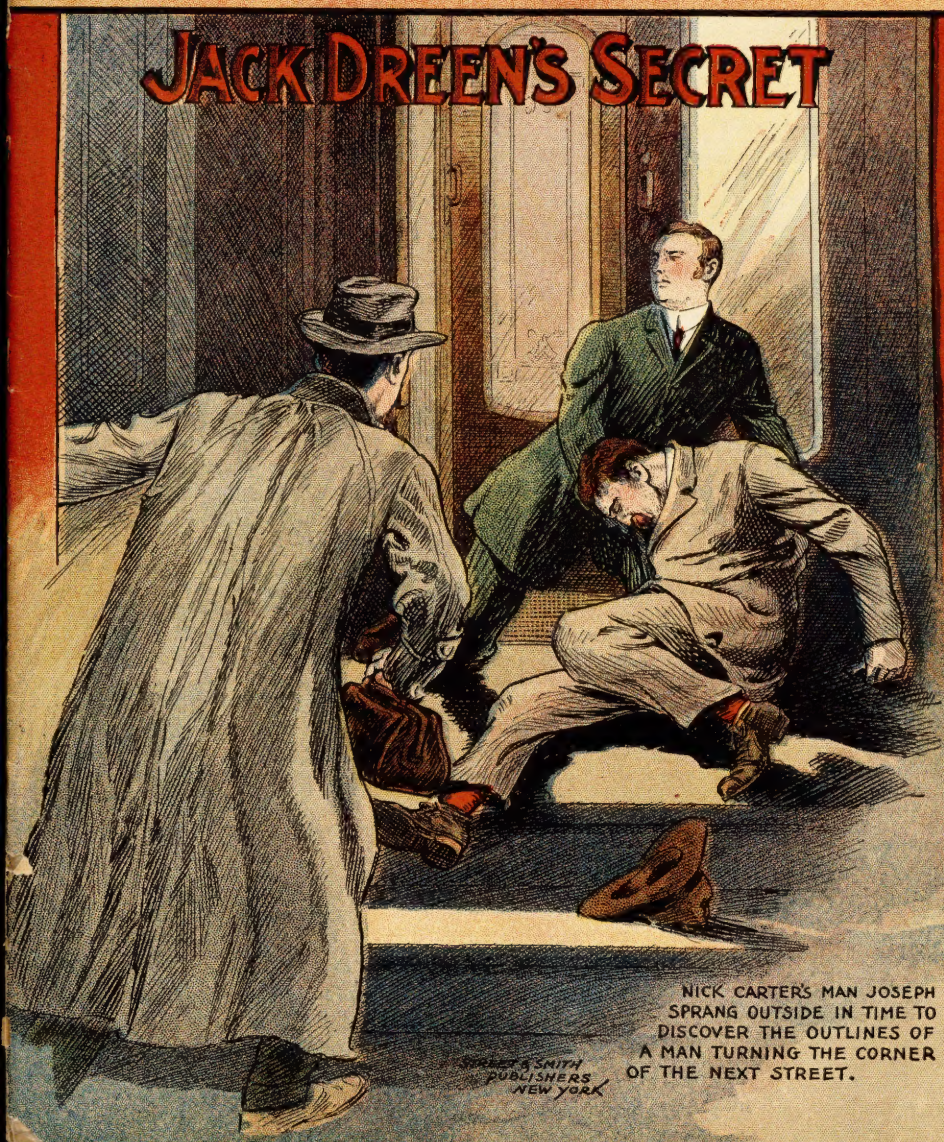
JACK DREEN'S SECRET



NICK CARTER'S MAN JOSEPH SPRANG OUTSIDE IN TIME TO DISCOVER THE OUTLINES OF A MAN TURNING THE CORNER OF THE NEXT STREET.

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NICK CARTER STORIES

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No. 15. NEW YORK, December 21, 1912. **Price Five Cents.**

JACK DREEN'S SECRET;

Or, NICK CARTER'S IMITATION PICTURE PUZZLE.

Edited by CHICKERING CARTER.

CHAPTER I.

THE MAN ON THE DOORSTEP.

The bell at the front door of Nick Carter's house rang shrilly; it was operated by pressure upon an electric button, and it continued to ring during a half second of time. Then there was a report of a pistol in the street. The ringing of the bell ceased abruptly with the sound of the shot.

Joseph, Nick Carter's servant, hastening toward the door in response to the ringing of the bell, did not associate the two noises, although he was conscious of both of them. He did so, however, the instant he opened the door.

A man was stretched at full length along the flat space at the top of the steps outside of the vestibule. There was the sound of somebody running along the pavement, down the avenue.

Joseph sprang outside and looked toward the sound of the running feet. He had been with Nick Carter so many years that he had every instinct of investigation aroused on the instant by that which he had seen and heard.

He was in time to discover the shadowy outlines of a man who was turning the corner of the next street below the house. He had only a glimpse of the running man before the fellow disappeared.

He heard the sounds made by another person running toward the house from the opposite direction.

"It is Mr. Norman!" he exclaimed, under his breath, as he bent above the man. Then, as he straightened himself for an instant's consideration as to what he should do next, the person who had been running down the street toward him ascended the steps to his side.

"What is it? What has happened?" he demanded breathlessly. "I heard the shot; I saw the flash. I saw a man running away from here."

Without waiting for replies to his questions, he bent down over the fallen man whom Joseph had called Mr. Norman.

"Take hold of his shoulders. Help me to carry him inside the house," he ordered authoritatively, as one who is accustomed to being obeyed without question. "I am a physician. We will carry the man to a couch."

Joseph accepted and acted upon the direction without delay or argument. Together they carried the man into Joseph's room at the end of the hall. They laid him upon the davenport which Joseph could transform into a bed, at night. One electric light was already burning in the room; Joseph switched on two more.

The man who had announced himself as a physician began his duties instantly. He sent Joseph hustling for warm water and bandages.

At last the doctor straightened up from his task and looked around him.

"You're a jewel of a man," the doctor said. "You do as you're told; you don't talk. That is a bed, isn't it?" referring to the davenport.

"Yes, sir."

"We must get this man into it. Where are the people who belong here?"

"Out, at the present time, sir. I am alone."

They had already begun the duties that the doctor had outlined. They lifted the apparently lifeless body to the floor; Joseph opened the bed and made it ready; they removed his clothing, replacing it with a suit of Joseph's pajamas; they arranged him upon the bed. They worked together, and rapidly, and while they worked, they talked. Their talk consisted of questions from the doctor, and replies by Joseph.

"Whose house is this?" the doctor asked.

"Mr. Carter's, sir."

"Nick Carter? The detective?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you expect Mr. Carter home to-night?"

"Yes, sir; at almost any time now. Within an hour or two at the most."

"I'll remain till he comes. I haven't anything else to do particularly. Do you know who this man is?"

"Yes, sir. I recognized him when I saw his face, out there on the doorstep."

"You were expecting him to call, perhaps?"

"No, sir. I supposed——"

"Well, what did you suppose?"

"If I had taken time to suppose anything at all about it, sir, I should have said that this gentleman was spending the evening at the same place where Mr. Carter was dining to-night."

"Oh! Where is that? Never mind. It doesn't make any difference, as I know. It is midnight now, or nearly that. Mr. Carter should be home soon."

"Yes, sir."

"I'll wait, anyhow, if it takes till morning. Is there a physician near by, whom you know, and whom you can summon by telephone? I'm not registered in this State. We ought to have a doctor here who is. This man may die."

"Shall I telephone, sir?" Joseph asked.

"Yes. Who is the doctor you will summon?"

"Doctor Thomas; on the next block."

"All right; and while you are about it you'd better telephone to Mr. Carter, too, and tell him what has happened—that is, if you know how to get him on the telephone."

While Joseph was absent the strange doctor gave his entire attention to the patient, administering to him as best he could under the circumstances. In ten minutes Joseph returned.

"Doctor Thomas will be here as soon as possible," he announced. "Mr. Carter is on the way by this time. He hasn't far to come. He should be here shortly."

"Good!"

"I told him that Mr. Norman had been shot down on the——"

"Who?"

"Mr. Norman, sir."

"Oh, yes. I had forgotten that you said you knew this man. What's his first name?"

"Robert, I suppose. Everybody calls him Bob. He's from Juneau, Alaska; and the Canadian Klondike. He is Mr. Carter's friend."

"Has this—er—Mr. Norman been in the city very long?" the young doctor asked, after a moment of pause.

"A short time, sir."

The young doctor shrugged his shoulders. He turned away without replying, and gave his attention to the wounded man on the davenport. While he was thus employed, the bell rang, and Joseph admitted Doctor Thomas, who came bustling through the hall. He devoted one swift glance to the young doctor, then bent down over the patient. After that he turned about and extended his hand to the stranger.

"Joseph told me over the telephone that there was a doctor here who said he was not registered in this State, but that is a formality which may quickly be accomplished, if you desire it. I see that you have attended to everything, and that the patient need not be disturbed. We will discuss the matter together presently, and determine what shall be done. Mr. Carter will be here presently, I assume; Joseph said that he would telephone for him. In the meantime, shall we adjourn to the library while you tell me the short history of the case? I am Doctor Byron W. Thomas. Here is my card."

"Thank you, doctor. I am Doctor Philip Glass. I graduated at Leland Stanford, five years ago, and have been practicing in Alaska. I have only just arrived in the city. It is a pleasure to know you, doctor."

CHAPTER II.

A MAN FROM THE KLONDIKE.

The two doctors had just completed their short consultation upon the case, and had agreed perfectly in regard to it, when Nick Carter arrived.

The detective greeted Doctor Thomas, and was briefly introduced to the stranger; and then, while the latter stood back, Doctor Thomas described in a few words the nature of the wound that Norman had received, and the condition of the man himself.

The bullet had been fired at him from the street when his back was turned and while he was in the act of pressing the button at the door to ring the electric bell. It had torn away part of the brim of the derby hat he was wearing at the time, and had struck the skull behind and above the right ear, fracturing it but not penetrating it.

That is, there was every indication that the skull was fractured, although it was by no means certain; still the continued torpor of the patient led inevitably to that conclusion.

Again, the man's skull must have been an unusually thick and solid one, otherwise the bullet would have penetrated it; but it had not done so; it had evidently flattened and spread, for it had torn away the hair and skin over a portion of that side of the skull which

was so large that it would take the hand of a small child to cover it.

Of course, there was never any certainty regarding the outcome of a wound such as that one was. If there was a serious fracture and the corresponding depression beneath it, or if there were blood clots, the man might die at any moment, and without speaking a conscious word again.

Still another view of it was that he might lie in that state of torpor for days to come. He might even recover physically, and never regain his mental balance. He might recover sufficiently to recall and to relate all that had taken place, and he might never be able to do so. If he did, it would be soon.

"Lastly," said Doctor Thomas, "your man Joseph informs me that the wounded man is an acquaintance of yours, Carter, even that he was expected to pass the evening that has just gone, in the same company with yourself, so I assume that you will take personal charge of him. It is for you to say whether he shall be removed to a hospital or not; in any event he will require a trained nurse to care for him, and my personal opinion is that he should not be moved at all at the present time to another room."

"You may telephone for a nurse at once, Doctor Thomas, and Norman shall remain in the room where he is now until he can safely be moved," was the detective's reply.

As soon as Doctor Thomas had gone the detective listened to all that Joseph had to tell about the incident. Joseph was then left to watch over the patient, while Doctor Glass and Nick retired to the library to await there the arrival of the trained nurse.

"It is an unusual circumstance that there should have been nobody but the servants in the house at the time this happened," he said, as they seated themselves." It would be difficult to say when we have all been absent at the same time before. When Joseph telephoned to me, I came at once, in the car, and have sent it back to get the others. Will you have a cigar, doctor? And now, will you tell me how much of this affair you saw?"

"I was walking toward your house, Mr. Carter, when I heard the shot," was the reply; and a faint although a pleasant smile went with it. "I was at the opposite side of the avenue, just across the next street above here. I was walking rather leisurely, despite the mist that was falling, for I was looking for the numbers on the houses."

"Ah! Your destination was somewhere in this neighborhood, then?" Nick asked, without any especial interest.

"My destination was here, Mr. Carter. I was looking for your house."

"Were you, really? But you shall tell me about that presently. Let me know first about the incident that interests us at the present moment."

"I heard the sound of the shot. I was not looking in this direction at the moment. I have heard shots fired a great many times, and unexpectedly, during my years in Alaska, and the Klondike——"

"Alaska!"

"Yes. I have just come from Alaska. I will explain all about that presently."

"Thank you."

"I must have been peering at the number of one of the houses I was passing, at the time. I turned, and I saw the figure of a man running down the avenue, and on this side of it, between here and the corner below."

"Yes."

"I started in pursuit. I ran diagonally across the avenue. As I approached your house I saw a man come out of the front door—Joseph, of course. He looked down the avenue at the man who was running, and then turned his attention to Norman, who was lying flat and senseless along the landing at the top of the steps. That is practically all there is to tell—about that part of it; except that we carried Norman into the house, and that Joseph acted with all the precision of a trained nurse in assisting me with the wounded man. I cannot speak too highly of him in that respect."

"I was on my way to find your home, and you, at the time this happened, Mr. Carter."

"Yes; so you have told me."

"I had just left the train that brought me to the Grand Central Station. I had engaged a room at a hotel, by letter, in advance, and at the station I gave up a heavy grip, which was my only baggage on this trip, to an expressman, to deliver at the hotel. I retained possession of my small satchel because it contains my instruments, and I did not care to have it banged around as I was sure it would be by the baggagemen, and I did not mind the weight of it."

"Well, doctor?"

"I have come here as direct and quickly as possible from Juneau, Alaska. I had visited a saloon in that place that is called the Palace, in search of a man named Bob Norman. The proprietor of the place told me that Norman was in New York. He also gave me your address, and said that you would know where Norman could be found. That is all there is to that."

"Do you think that this shooting of Norman had anything to do with your errand here to see him?"

"I regard it as extremely likely."

"I shall be glad to assist you in what you have undertaken, if it is anything in which I can be of assistance; and from what you have said I take it that possibly we may be able to assist each other."

"I am sure of it—if you intend to search for the man who shot Bob Norman."

"I most certainly do, doctor."

"Norman is himself out of the running at the present time. But, all the same, I would like to ask you a few quite natural questions about him before I get down to particulars."

"I see no objections to that, provided they are ques-

tions that I can answer. But, first, do you really consider him to be in a precarious condition?"

"Very. He may die—he is likely to die—at any moment. He may live; he may even regain his health, but without his memory; and he may recover both. It is utterly impossible to forecast concerning him at the present time."

"I shall be very sorry, indeed, doctor, if he does not recover entirely from the effects of this shooting," said the detective. "Bob Norman is in many ways a fine man."

CHAPTER III.

THE DOCTOR'S SECRET.

"That statement of yours is a reply to several of the questions I wished to ask you about Norman, delivered all at once," said Doctor Glass. "You have said that 'Bob Norman is in many ways a fine man.' That statement covers the principal ground that I wanted to be sure about, Mr. Carter."

"You may be very sure about it, then. I repeat it, and with all the emphasis that is necessary: Bob is a fine man, even if he has been a bartender and a gambler."

"Oh, that is not an anomaly, Carter. We have many rough diamonds up in the country I have come from. I now call myself an Alaskan. Juneau is more east than south of Nome."

"You are from Nome?"

"From Nome, and the Yukon, and the places along the Yukon all the way to Dawson, and beyond there."

"I see."

"You have been in that country recently, Mr. Carter; or, at least, I was so informed by Bickford, the proprietor of the Palace, in Juneau."

"I was in Juneau," Nick replied. "I went from there into the Canadian country as far as White Horse, and thence out into the hills a little way; that is all."

"And you went there, did you not, on the trail of a man named Vard West?"

"I went there on the trail of a man whose name I did not know, but who did bear that name as it turned out. But you are not asking questions about Bob Norman, are you?" This was added with a smile, but with considerable meaning, nevertheless.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Carter. I did not intend to be impertinent. You must judge me as you see me and as you find me."

"I do that with all men, doctor."

"Good! I think you will discover that I wear fairly well. In regard to Norman, you have, as I said, already answered most of the questions I would have asked, by that statement you made about him. One more question will cover the entire ground."

"What is it?"

"If you were in that country and had accumulated considerable property, and if for an unstated reason you wished to conceal that property in such a way that your ownership in it might not be known; if, in casting about you for a person who would be entirely reliable with that sort of a trust, and you should light upon Bob Norman, do you believe that he would fill the bill?"

"Absolutely so, Doctor Glass. I answer the question without hesitation and with emphasis, because from what I have seen of Norman and known about him since our acquaintance began, I am assured that he is one of those rare men who never have even a thought of dishonesty."

"Well, that is 'going some.'"

"You have said that the business that brought you to New York very likely had something to do with the shooting of Bob Norman. I will be glad if you will explain just what you meant by that statement, doctor."

"This: There were two men from New York who went into that country at about the same time that I did. I got to know both of them very well indeed; and also the wife of one of them. I am referring to Vardman and Andy West, and the wife of the latter."

"I assumed that much from the manner in which you told it. But before you go any farther, doctor, you must understand that I know nothing about the lives of Vard and Andy West up there, save what has been told to me since they died. They used to live here in New York, before they went there, and perhaps I may have seen them then; but never with sufficient interest in either of them to remember them."

"I understand that perfectly well, Mr. Carter."

"Andy West was dead more than three years before I went there at all. I had never heard of him by that name, which was not his own, as you doubtless——"

"Not his right name?"

"You did not know it then? No. His right name was Benjamin Andrew Westerleigh. His brother's name was James Vardman Westerleigh. The latter was the elder of the two. They were known up there as Andy and Vard West. Vard was supposed to have perished while out prospecting in the Pelly River district, some months before Andy was killed in Juneau; but Vard was alive all the time, only pretending that he was dead; and he lived long enough to clean up his affairs to some extent and start East several months ago. He was murdered in a Pullman car while on his way to New York. My trip to Alaska was merely to trace out the identity of the murdered man."

"Who proved to be Vard West?" the doctor asked.

"Yes."

"Who killed him? Pardon me if I ask impertinent questions."

"They are not impertinent at all if they happen to bear upon the business that has brought you here, doctor."

"They do."

"A man named Thaddeus Ryan killed Vard West."

"Where is Ryan now?"

"Well"—with a half smile—"that would be difficult

to say. If we accept the recognized criterions of such things, he is in a much warmer climate than Alaska at the present time. He was electrocuted four weeks ago."

"Oh! That's too bad. I——"

"Why?"

"He was mixed up, too, in the business that has brought me here."

"Perhaps, presently, you will tell me what that business is, doctor."

"It's this: I went to Nome on the same steamship that took the Wests there. I had a friend with me who had been my friend in boyhood and in college. When I studied medicine he studied mining engineering, metallurgy, and all that. It was our plan all through to go to Alaska and the Klondike together. We carried it out as soon as we were prepared to do so."

"Yes?"

"On the ship we made the acquaintance of the Wests. We became chummy with them. Both the Wests were older than we were, but that made no difference. Mrs. West was, I think, about my age."

"Approximately, I should say. It may interest you to know that it was at her house—the name is Westerleigh, you know—where I was spending the evening."

"Is that so? Then I will have an opportunity to meet her!"

"You became friendly with the Wests—we will continue to call them so—you and your chum. What else?"

"We kept up the friendship, of course, after we arrived at Nome. Jack and Vard became exceptionally chummy."

"Jack is the name of your friend from California?"

"It was his name. He's dead. At least, I suppose he is dead. I have never had any real proofs of his death, save the one that I am certain he would have returned to me or sent word to me had he been able to do so. He was Jack Dreen; the best fellow that ever lived. We were nearer than brothers ever are, I think."

"Well, doctor?"

"From Nome we went to Rampart and to Fairbanks. Then we crossed the Tanana Hills to Circle. We dawdled around Forty-mile Creek for a while and then went to Dawson; and all the while we stuck together—we five; the three Wests, Jack, and I. I wanted to settle down somewhere and practice medicine; Jack all the time wanted me to throw my diploma away and seek for gold."

"I understand."

"I never liked Vard West any too well. He was always rather morose, and somewhat sullen. I used to catch him looking at his brother's wife in a way I didn't fancy. But he and Jack took to each other like flies to a honey pot.

"They took to going out together, prospecting. They became almost inseparable. Andy West went with them twice; no more. When all three of them were away I sort of looked out for Mrs. Andy, as we used to call her."

"Wait just a minute right here, doctor," said Nick, smiling at the physician. "There is one thing which you are trying to conceal, and you are not succeeding in doing it. I am sure that you need not conceal it, for I am equally certain that there was nothing dishonorable about it. So please be frank with me."

"Well, *she* didn't know it, anyhow," the doctor said quickly, flushing hotly.

"Good! Or, rather, I think it is good. I will know better about it when I have heard all of your story. And I must remind you that it is getting late, too."

CHAPTER IV.

THE ALLIGATOR BAG.

Doctor Glass lighted a fresh cigar, settled himself in his chair, and began:

"Jack and Vard returned from one of their trips, tired, worn out, looking like skeletons covered with tanned leather, but peculiarly elated. They were also remarkably reticent.

"Andy sneered at them openly. Once he said to his brother—I remember the very words of it:

"'You've struck it, Vard, and you're keeping it dark. That isn't square. We're all partners together. I'm your partner, and Phil is Jack's partner, so what's the use of keeping things in the dark? Out with it, man; because if you don't out with it, I'll discover a way to find out what it is.'

"Vard and Andy barely spoke to each other at all, save when it was necessary to do so; and so things went on till the announcement was made that Vard and Jack were going away again.

"Even then there wasn't anything said between Jack and me until the eve of their departure; but then I said to him, when we were alone in our cabin together:

"'Jack, do you think you are treating me quite square? I don't care a hang about all the gold in these hills, if it's going to interfere with our friendship. I'd rather not have any of it.'

"He got off his chair and came across the room toward me. Then he stuck out his hand, and I took hold of it. This is what he said to me then:

"'Phil, I haven't had a happy minute since I got back from that last trip. I am under a solemn oath to Vard not to tell any of you a word about it this time, but I am going to break it just enough to say this much: We did strike it—wonderfully—almost unbelievably. Old man Crœsus, John D., and all the rest of the bunch aren't in it with us, and that's a fact. Gold? You can shovel it up, as much as you can lift at a time. It is like sand on the seashore, only it is yellow instead of white. Look! Vard doesn't know that I have got this with me, but I couldn't resist bringing it in.'

"He pulled an old tobacco pouch from one of his pockets and dumped the contents of it upon the pages

of one of my medical textbooks I had been reading. It was gold dust, fine and pure and perfect; like sand, as he had said it was.

"'I scooped that up with my hands,' he told me. 'Keep it, but don't let any of the others know about it.'

"After that he sat down by the fire for a time and was silent. Then he rose and came over to me again where I had resumed my reading, and he said to me:

"'Phil, when I come back I am to tell you all about it. That is part of the condition that went with the oath I took about it, so it won't be long, old chap, until you know all there is to know about it. I have wanted to beat out my brains a dozen times since I got back, for agreeing to that oath at all; but I did agree to it, and I've got to stand by it. But it has made me very unhappy.'

"'Forget it,' I told him. 'Tell me about it when you return from this trip. That will be time enough.'

"'Suppose I should not return?' he asked quickly.

"I hadn't thought of that. I didn't answer, but I looked up at him with the question that had occurred to me in my eyes: Just remember that I never liked Vard West, if you please."

"Yes. I know what you mean," Nick replied.

"Jack knew what that questioning look of mine meant, too. He made haste to reply:

"'Don't get any wrong idea from what I said, Phil. I have the utmost confidence in Vard; but there are always accidents that are likely to happen out on a trip of this kind; and so I have thought over that question I asked you, in case I should not return. I have found a way to answer it, too.'

"I didn't say anything, and he went on:

"'You may have noticed that I have been doing a good deal of writing lately. I have been writing out a full and complete description of our find, with directions how to get to it, what it is when you get there, and all about it. I have drawn maps and plans of it with measurements, and all that, so that it will be as easy as walking down Market Street, in Frisco, to go there, if I should not come back.'

"'Oh, drop it!' I said, rising. 'I'm tired of it all.' But he went right on:

"'Yesterday while you were out on that case you are taking so much interest in'—I happened to have performed rather a serious operation a short time before that—'I used the opportunity to hide those papers away; but I have hidden them where you can find them easily enough, if you should search for them. They are right here inside of this cabin, under your nose, so to speak; only I want you to promise me that you won't search for them; and, also, that if you should come across them by accident before I get back, that you will not look at their contents.'

"I nodded my agreement to the condition. In truth, I was so relieved to hear him talk about it, and clear up the doubts that had bothered me, that I didn't care a hang about his find, or about all the gold in the Klondike.

"'We intend to be gone about three months this time,' he said. 'You will remain here, of course.' I nodded. 'If anything should happen to me; if I should not return—look for those papers. You won't have any difficulty in finding them, right here inside the walls of this cabin, if the necessity should arise.'

"Now, Mr. Carter, Jack did not return. Neither did Vard West. I needn't tell you about the period of anxiety that occurred after the three months had passed."

"No."

"Andy West took himself off into the mountains with a guide and an outfit, a few days after Vard and Jack went away. He did not tell his wife and me that he was going until the day of his departure. He did not tell us even then *where* he was going. I didn't care, and it was none of my business, anyhow. His wife did not ask him, and I think she was rather glad than otherwise to have him go. After Andy had gone I hired a half-breed, in whom I had entire confidence, to keep guard over her, and he did so.

"Andy was gone between eight and nine weeks when he returned as suddenly and as mysteriously as he had departed. And he was more like a fiend than a man, when he did get back. He did not visit violence upon his wife; I don't mean that. If he had, I think I would have killed him. But when he spoke to her at all, he cursed her—and all that sort of thing. I don't like to talk about it.

"I asked him if he had seen or heard anything of his brother and Jack; and he cursed at me and wanted to know how he should know anything about them. Then he up stakes and quit, two weeks before Vard and Jack were due to be back."

"Went away, eh?"

"Yes. It was Mrs. Andy told me they were going—the very next day after she gave me the information. She didn't know where, and he wouldn't tell. They sold what they didn't need, and packed up what they wanted to take with them. I was so overwhelmed by the news that I didn't dare stay where she was, so I lit out for my cabin—and Andy followed me to it. And right here is where part of the mystery of this thing occurs."

"Yes? What is it?"

"I could see that Andy was trying to be decent. I had never known him to try very hard before. I attributed it to the fact that he was going away, and felt a little bit ashamed of his bullyragging habits. He'd always been pretty nice before—to me. He gave me messages to deliver to Vard when Vard should return; that he would write to him and all that sort of thing; said he couldn't stand the country any longer, and should go right on through to the States; and then he nodded toward a fine alligator bag that hung from a hook on one of the rafters of the building, and suggested that if I wanted to give Dora a keepsake to take with her, he thought she would appreciate that bag; and I took it down and handed it to him without looking inside of it, and told him to give it to her with my compliments."

CHAPTER V.

A MAN WITHOUT SPEECH.

"That two weeks after they had gone was the longest two weeks I ever lived through," the doctor continued.

"Had you begun to suspect that your friend Jack had used the alligator bag as a hiding place for his secret?"

"Yes; later on. In this way: Jack and Vard didn't return when they were due. I waited a month, and then I organized a search party. I offered rewards for any information concerning them. I spent every dollar I could get in the effort to find out what had become of Jack. It was eight months after he went away, and more than six after the departure of Andy and his wife, before I heard anything. Then a prospector blew in who told a story about finding the bones of four men in the Pelly River district, and he brought back with him from there a cap that I recognized as Vard's, and a pipe which I knew had belonged to Jack. Never mind what his story was. I was forced to be satisfied with it. I accepted the fact that Jack was dead, and I believed that Vard was, also. They had taken two hired helpers along with them, so the four heaps of bones counted up right.

"I thought I ought to notify Andy of it, somehow, but I didn't know how; so I sent word to the newspapers in Seattle and Tacoma to have the facts as I knew them, or thought I did, printed, hoping they would hear of it."

"Well, you did your duty about it. I suppose then you began to search for the papers that Jack Dreen had told you about?"

"Mr. Carter, I hadn't searched very long before I had a hunch, as gamblers say."

"What was it?"

"Well, I won't say that Andy West killed his own brother; I'd dislike to have that opinion. But I did think he found Vard and Jack, and was probably with them when they were killed, or died. Only now I know that Vard did not die, so I have changed my opinion to this: I believe that he found Jack and that Jack was able to say a few words to him; and that Jack must have asked him to tell me to look inside the alligator bag."

"You have got still another reason than you have named for that opinion, haven't you, doctor?" Nick asked.

"Yes."

"Go on, then."

"There was a false bottom to that alligator bag. Only Jack and I knew about it. I totally forgot about it when I gave the bag away, or I would have mentioned it. I had the bag made to order before I went into that country, and the false bottom was for hiding money. It was exactly the place where Jack would have put the papers; precisely the place that made him feel almost certain that I would find them, and that nobody else could. It was empty at the time, and Jack knew that I would not be likely to open it unless I wished to hide away some money—which wasn't likely, just then."

"That is good reasoning."

"And the papers weren't anywhere else. At least, I couldn't find them."

"They were probably there in that bag—and it may be that Andy suspected something of the sort."

"I don't think he suspected, then, what the real secret was; I think he suspected only that there was *something* in the bag that Jack wanted me to have. I don't know about that. There is one thing that I do believe, though, Carter."

"What is that?"

"I believe that Andy thought his brother was dead; at least, that he thought so at that time; else why did he up stakes and leave?"

"I don't," said the detective. "I think he knew that Vard was alive; and also that Vard didn't know that Andy knew it. However, that has nothing to do with what has induced you to come here in search of Bob Norman."

"Yes, it has, too, as you will discover."

"Well?"

"I got restless, thinking about Jack Dreen, out there among the hills. I gave up my practice, bought dogs, hired a man, and started out to find the place where he had died. I need not tell you of the hardships I endured. I didn't find the place. After months and months and months, that seemed like so many years, I went up the Lewes River to White Horse, and so on to Juneau—and I arrived there two weeks after you had left there.

"Of course, I found out that Andy and his wife had lived there; that Andy was dead; and I heard about the brother of Andy who had died up in the Pelly country. The house where Andy and Dora had lived was vacant, and I took it, determined to start a practice there and stay there. The arrangement of the rooms didn't just suit my ideas, and so I ripped out a partition between two of them, to make them into one for an office. There wasn't any labor to be hired, so I did it myself—and I found that a space inside of that partition had been utilized by Andy West for the disposal of his private papers. It held a tin box, filled with papers.

"Mr. Carter, I studied the outside of that japanned box for two days, at intervals, before I decided to break it open. But I did so decide, finally; and that is why I am here to find Bob Norman."

"Go on," said Nick. He found the story told by Doctor Glass to be intensely interesting. But before the physician could continue Joseph appeared in the doorway and silently gestured to them to come to the bedside of Bob Norman.

Nick was upon his feet in an instant, and the doctor with him. They discovered that Norman's eyes were wide open, and that he was staring up at them with an expression of wondering injury in them; and there was just the slightest change in their expression when his gaze alighted upon Nick Carter; an expression

which told the detective two things: That Norman had recognized him, and had realized where he was.

Nick stepped close beside the man and bent above him, and, with that tact which was always at hand with the detective, said, slowly and distinctly:

"Don't try to ask questions, Bob; not just yet. I'll tell you in a few words all that is necessary for you to know now. You were on your way here to my house to see me. When you rang the bell at my door somebody in the street behind you shot you. The bullet hit you in the side of your head and knocked you out. Joseph found you. This gentleman who is beside me is a doctor, and he attended to you. You have been cared for, and you are here with me, and presently you will be all right again."

He paused and waited. Norman's lips moved, and there were some throaty sounds that came from them; but there were no articulated words.

Doctor Glass moved closer, gently putting the detective to one side, nodding as he did so; and he said:

"Tell him that I want to speak to him, Mr. Carter."

"Bob, this is the doctor," Nick said at once. "You must listen to what he has to say, and you must obey orders."

The doctor pulled up a chair close beside the bed and seated himself upon it. Then he said:

"I have an idea, Mr. Norman, that you cannot speak yet, but you need not permit that fact to alarm you. It is not at all necessary that you should speak right now. But you may try, just once, if you like. Say Mr. Carter's name, just the first one, if you can; but if you cannot, don't let it worry you."

Norman made the effect. It was apparent to both men that he did so; but there was only a repetition of the throaty sounds. No understandable word was ennunciated; and a wry smile appeared upon Norman's lips and in his eyes for a moment. The doctor got upon his feet again.

"Now, Mr. Norman, listen to me," he said. "Your head is paining you badly, I know. I also know that you have sufficient fortitude not to care so very much about that; but I am going to give you some medicine that I want you to swallow, and after that you must forget for the moment that you cannot speak to us. To-morrow it will be different."

CHAPTER VI.

THE IRONY OF FATE.

The trained nurse arrived soon after Norman had gone to sleep as the result of the medicine which the doctor gave him. Joseph was sent to bed. Nick and the doctor returned to the library.

"We may as well have this thing out, while we are at it, doctor," the detective said.

"Yes, I think so; and, besides, I have very nearly finished."

"First, though, what of Bob Norman? He was plainly unable to speak just now. Will he recover the power?"

"Oh, yes, I think so. I hope so. I anticipated this condition. It remains to be seen how serious it may be. He is merely deprived of the power of enunciating words; in other terms which you will understand, that quality of the brain which formulates syllables and words is temporarily out of commission. He hasn't forgotten them; he knows perfectly well what he wants to say, but he cannot say it. The condition can best be described by the simile of an iron safe with the door locked against you. You might know exactly and precisely what is inside the safe, without having the power to throw open the door and get at the contents; but we will see what the morning does for him."

"Thank you for the explanation. And it reminds me: You will remain here as my guest for the balance of the night, of course. I won't hear of your departure, so that is settled; and, besides, Bob may need you."

"Norman won't need me, but I will remain, thank you. I have been accustomed so many years to staying where darkness or weariness overtook me that it never occurs to me to do otherwise."

"Then just one pertinent question before you finish your story."

"Yes?"

"Have you any information, gleaned from those papers to which you have referred, or picked up anywhere in any other way, which gives you any idea as to who it was who shot Bob Norman?"

"No; I think not."

"You *think* not?"

"I mean by that this: In the few papers that were left in the tin box I found in the former home of Andy West there are several names mentioned, and it is possible that you, with your skill as a detective, may unearth something from them."

"Very well. Now go on and tell about the papers, if you please. After that you must go to bed."

"Very well. I put aside my scruples and determined to open the box, and I will confess that I was actuated more by a desire to know what had become of Mrs. Andy, than by interest in Jack Dreen's secret. You know already that I loved her; had loved her from the beginning—and that I had never given her the slightest outward sign of that love. When I found that she had been a widow all that time, my first impulse was to seek her. But I was broke; flat broke, then. An accidental fee put me temporarily on my feet and enabled me to take that house. I had determined to remain in Juneau only long enough to get together sufficient money to seek her. I had long given up the idea of profiting from Jack Dreen's secret. You understand?"

"Yes."

"But even when I was in the act of using an old screw driver on the tin box to pry it open, it occurred to me that there was a possibility that I might yet discover something which would lead me to that hidden wealth of Jack's. I was certain in my own mind that

Jack had concealed the papers in the alligator bag; and in that instant I recalled a certain fact about my relations with Jack that had not occurred to me before. The recollection of it convinced me that even if Andy West had found the papers, he had not been able to read them understandingly. I'll explain that later."

"Yes."

"Well, Mr. Carter, the papers in the box were a distinct disappointment. They were mostly letters from persons and copies of letters to persons whom I knew nothing about, and cared less; and there were some tracings of plans, some blue prints, some expired contracts, et cetera. And there was one small book of memoranda which did interest me—chiefly because all the memoranda was made in cipher, and because at the end of several of them there was written in red ink the single word, or name, 'Norman.'"

"I understand now why you sought Norman," said the detective.

"It was two or three days before I did seek Norman, Mr. Carter. Then I began to ask of everybody I met this question: 'Do you know anybody named Norman?' Invariably I received the reply, 'Who? Bob?' and the result was that I presently went in search of Bob. All that time I kept reading those letters over and over, although they meant absolutely nothing with me; but I determined to find Bob Norman; and then the day came when I encountered on the street a man to whom I had once loaned two thousand dollars, up in Dawson. He had made his pile, and was on his way out. He paid the loan, and gave me two thousand more for the use of it. One week later, to a day, I started for New York."

"With your friend, eh?"

"No. He left Juneau the same day he repaid me the money. But there is an odd coincidence in connection with him which has recurred to me several times. It is this: Two of the letters I found in the tin box, written to Andy, were signed by Craig Benson."

"Was that the name of the man to whom you had loaned the money?"

"Yes."

"The letters were, of course, old letters?"

"Yes. Three or four years old. They were merely personal letters. But you can see them for yourself. I have them in my bag that I sent to the hotel."

"As you say, it is probably only a coincidence. Now, what was your idea in coming to New York in search of Bob Norman, doctor?"

"I am afraid that the most important one to me was to find out from him what had become of Mrs. Andy—of Fedora; but the ostensible one was to ask him what those notations in red ink meant: 'Norman.'"

"With always the idea that they really referred to something in relation to Jack Dreen's secret?"

"Always with the idea that Andy West had found the papers that Jack had hidden away in the alligator bag, had been utterly unable to read them understandingly, had experimented with them until he was satisfied that they were misleading, and had deposited them with Norman—for some reason that does not appear."

"What *is* your belief about it, doctor?"

"My belief is this, Mr. Carter: Whether or not Andy West knew his brother, Vard, to be alive or thought him dead, he did know that Vard and Jack Dreen had made a big strike, somewhere, and he *was* certain that the papers he had discovered in the alligator bag contained the secret of that big strike. Also, I believe that he had his own personal reasons for the selection of Bob Norman as the innocent, and also ignorant, custodian of some of his papers, including that one, based, doubtless, on the assumption that Vard was still alive, might one day reappear—and so forth. That isn't very clear, but it is clear enough, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, you know all that I know about it now. Jack and I made the acquaintance of Vard and Andy and Fedora five years ago. Four years ago, or about that, Jack and Vard disappeared. Jack died, or was murdered by Vard, at that time. Vard lived to pay his debt on a Pullman car long afterward. Three and a half years ago, or a little more, Andy was killed, in Juneau, by a half-breed in Vard's employ, I was told. About three years ago I began my wanderings among the hills in search of the place where Jack died. A few months ago I drifted into Juneau. To-night I am here."

CHAPTER VII.

THE FOLLOWING MORNING.

Several things were made manifest the following morning.

One—possibly the most important from the existing view—was the utter inability of Bob Norman to speak. He could not utter words, and he could not write words. He was, in effect, a man without words. That bullet had stolen them from him absolutely.

His intelligence in other ways remained practically unimpaired. He understood what was said to him and comprehended why it was said, and he could signify assent and dissent, but it quickly became apparent that with the loss of words he had also lost the power to think.

"I have heard of cases of this kind," the doctor said to Nick, in discussing Norman's condition. "I have read about them. I have never seen one till now. They are exceedingly rare. I have never realized until now the importance of words in the life of a human being, or how entirely man depends upon them for the transmission of ideas. Why, even a dog is better off and better capable of expressing himself than a man without words; for a dog has learned how to express himself without them, and a man never has. The utter helplessness of it is amazing."

"Will it last? That is the question," Nick replied.

"I don't know; nobody knows."

"Cannot the power of words be restored to him—by an operation?"

"Again I do not know. Doctor Thomas has arranged for a consultation with some of your great city doctors about this case. I have an opinion, but it is only an opinion, and as such isn't worth any more than yours would be—pardon me for the simile."

"What is the opinion?"

"Recovery. Recovery without an operation. There is no fracture of the skull; no actual fracture. The condition is like this: I read the other day in a newspaper that the armor of vessels of war had a little more than kept pace with the power of projectiles. Keep that in mind with what I am about to say."

"Well?"

"The skull of a man is the armor that nature provides for the protection of his brain. Now, if you were off the coast somewhere, on board a man-of-war, and you stood in the position of leaning against its armored side, within it, when an eight-inch shell struck the armor plate directly where you were standing, you would feel the shock of it—I don't know how badly, for I am not up in such things—and you would probably be bruised, even though the armor was not pierced and there was no perceptible effect upon it from the impact."

"There isn't any doubt of that, doctor," said the detective, smiling.

"Well, that is what has happened to Norman. That particular part of his brain, which regulates and governs the powers of speech and words, received just such a shock as that, and my opinion is that it is dazed and temporarily paralyzed, but that it will recover, and that quiet and rest and nondisturbance will hasten that recovery."

When Doctor Philip Glass went to the hotel to which he had sent his baggage the preceding evening, he discovered to his amazement that a "Philip D. Glass" had appeared and claimed his room at midnight, and to make his claim good had paid for it in advance. But the man had not slept there. He had merely slashed a hole in the big satchel, which was locked, had evidently closely examined everything that it contained, and had gone away, taking with him the letters and papers which had once been contained in the japanned tin box that had belonged to Andy West.

Somebody knew that Philip Glass was on the track of Jack Dreen's secret; somebody knew, or suspected, that Bob Norman held the key to that secret; and somebody had wondered just how much of that secret Doctor Glass already knew, and had gone to the hotel and searched his baggage to find out; and—perhaps—the much interested somebody had discovered a phase of interest among the letters and papers that had once been the property of Andy West, in the mention of a name or an incident.

"You see, Carter," Doctor Glass said, in discussing the incident, "I have been living so long a time in a country where we do not take account of hours or of the time of day that it never occurred to me that after eleven at night was a late hour to call upon you, and so I determined to go directly from the station to your house to see you. Once started, although I realized that it was late, I kept on."

"There is one small puzzle connected with the episode of the hotel which interests me greatly," Nick replied. "It is this: How did the man who visited your room and cut open your satchel know which hotel you were going to patronize? Have you asked yourself that question, doctor?"

"Yes."

"When did you make your selection of a hotel?"

"Before I left Juneau?"

"Who suggested the selection?"

"Nobody."

"How, then, did you make it?"

"Quite naturally, I think. Jack Dreen came to New York once while we were at college together. He stopped at the Castor House, in room three hundred and forty-one. We often talked together about that trip of his. I have never been to New York until now. When I decided to come here I recalled the name of the hotel Jack patronized and the number of his room, and the fancy struck me to occupy it also, just because Jack had done so. Purely a sentimental reason."

"I see; and you wrote or telegraphed to the Castor about it?"

"Both. I wrote from Juneau fixing the date of my arrival here approximately; and I sent a wire from Seattle confirming it."

"The letter must have left Juneau, or Skagway, by the same steamer that brought you away."

"No; by the steamer ahead of me. I decided to come here the very day that Craig Benson repaid me the loan I had made to him, and I wrote at once so my letter would depart by the same steamer that brought him away. You see, it had a week the start of me."

"Yes. Did you mention your decision to Benson?"

"No. I had not made my decision when I parted with him."

"Are you positive about that?"

"Yes."

"Was Benson coming to New York?"

"I suppose so. It is his home; at least, he told me so in Dawson."

"I think I will look him up," said Nick.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SEARCH FOR AN IDEA.

"The key to the entire mystery is right here, locked up in the brain of Bob Norman, without a doubt," Nick Carter remarked at the dinner table that evening. Doctor Glass was dining with him. The consultation of physicians concerning the condition of Norman had been held, and the two had been discussing it. The view of it taken by Doctor Glass had been adopted—mainly because there wasn't any other one to accept. The patient might recover the power of speech and he

might not. The world might come to an abrupt end and it might not. Selah! "While you were with those men of science I was looking up Mr. Craig Benson," he added.

"Did you see him?—talk with him?" Glass asked.

"No. I made no effort to talk with him. I can do both at any time I want to. He is a 'café proprietor' —in other words a gin-mill keeper, here in town; owns one of the so-called 'better sort' of places, you know; is something of a sport; a gambler, of course; has a fairly good reputation, and is well spoken of, as such men go. What I cannot understand is how you happened to lend money to him. He should have had plenty of it with him—and you didn't know him very well, did you?"

"I had known him two or three weeks; not more; but I rather took to him. I 'staked' him, that's all, and took chances. It is done every day up there—or used to be. I have done the same thing with others, lots of times, and made good money by it. I have made losses, too, but not many. The gains more than offset the losses."

"I see."

"He said he had money in New York. When he repaid the loan he told me that he had been back to Dawson, and would have paid me there, had he been able to find me; but I had gone, and nobody knew where I was. I think he was on the level, Carter. I don't see just why you show so much interest in him. Will you tell me?"

"The coincidences; nothing more."

"What coincidences?"

"Well, the letters you discovered among Andy West's papers, signed with his name, for one thing. For another, the fact that he was in Dawson, bent upon prospecting, at just the time he was there, which I understand to have been during the latter part of the eight months while you waited in vain for the return of Jack Dreen; eh?"

"Yes; very near the end of that time of weary waiting."

"And, therefore, after the death of Andy West, in Juneau—which affords still another coincidence. His appearance in Juneau at the psychological moment to repay your loan to him. That isn't exactly a coincidence, but it may count for one when we consider that he told you at that time that he had 'struck it rich,' and I have found out to-day that he did not. He repaid you with funds that had been sent to him from New York. I don't know it, but I assume it by reason of information I have picked up this afternoon."

"Look here, Carter, do you think that Benson shot Bob Norman? And that Benson went to my hotel and ripped open my bag?"

"No; I'm not thinking anything about it. I am only resolved into a great big interrogation point, doctor. Craig Benson can be found every night in the year except Sundays—when he is in the city—in his saloon in Sixth Avenue, until one o'clock in the morning. But he wasn't there last night."

"Another coincidence, eh?"

"Yes. Just that."

"You didn't stop with knowing where he was not, I'll wager. You found out where he was, didn't you?"

"I discovered where he was reported to have been; where he said he was going; and the reason he gave to his head bartender for going out; and I have sent one of my assistants to verify it—if it can be verified."

"Where was Benson supposed to be last night?"

"Sitting in at a game of poker with some friends."

"Not at the Castor House, was it? That would be too much of a coincidence; eh?"

"I don't know yet where it was; but I will know."

"Now, Carter, there is another thing that——"

"You are anxious to know when I am going to take you to call upon Mrs. Andy," the detective interrupted, with a smile. "We will start in about half an hour, if that will suit you. Please bear in mind that there are two syllables added to the name by which you knew her in the Klondike. Westerleigh is the name."

"I know."

"I am going to use that half hour in trying an experiment with Bob—if there isn't danger of injury to him in the attempt; eh?"

"Not the slightest. The wound amounts in itself to no more than a crack on the head with a stick. He remains quietly in bed in the room to which you have moved him, simply because he has no ideas about getting up, or anything else, for that matter. Remember that he is as bereft of ideas and of thought as he is of words. Do you want me with you?"

"No."

Once upon a time, in Juneau, Bob Norman and Andy West had been rather good friends, and Norman had told Nick Carter a little about that friendship on the occasion of their first meeting. The detective had merely determined now to make use of the information he had gleaned at that time, some weeks earlier.

So, when he entered the room where the patient was, he dismissed the nurse for the moment, saying:

"I have the doctor's permission to attempt an experiment with the patient, so you may leave me alone with him for twenty minutes. Return at that time if I do not summon you sooner."

CHAPTER IX.

THE FIVE ACES.

"He was playing poker, all right; and in a room at the Castor House. It was on the third floor, too, if that fact suggests any significance to you," said Patsy, Nick Carter's second assistant, to his chief. The two were in the detective's study. The time was the morning after Nick's experiment with Norman—the morning after the call upon "Mrs. Andy," which Nick and the doctor had made together. It will be remembered that an assistant of Nick's had been sent to verify some information regarding Craig Benson that had been

gathered the preceding afternoon. "Doctor Glass has room three hundred and forty-one, on that floor, hasn't he?" Patsy added.

Nick Carter nodded.

"The story about it is straight enough," Patsy replied. "There doesn't seem to be a hitch in it anywhere. In fact, chief, you were wrong when you told me that Benson could be found in his own place every night of the week when he is in town. You told the doctor that, too, didn't you?"

"Yes. That is the information that I received about it."

"Well, cutting out Sunday nights, when he is never there, I have discovered that there is another one, too, every week, when he leaves his place about dinner time and doesn't show up again till the following afternoon."

"Wednesday nights?"

"Yes."

"Then the poker game into which he sits is a regular thing?"

"As regular as clockwork as nearly as I can discover. There are five regulars who meet in room three hundred at the Castor House, every Wednesday night, to play poker, and they have been doing the same thing for over a year. Each member of the coterie has the privilege of taking one friend with him. If there are more than eight in the party they form two games; eight or less, one game. They keep an alarm clock, and set it to go off at ten in the morning, and at the first stroke of the alarm the games stop short. Whatever happens to be on the table at the moment goes into the 'kitty'—you see I have got all the particulars."

"That's right. Go on."

"Once a year they use the 'kitty' for a big blow-out. If one of the members goes out of town, he provides a substitute to take his place in the game until his return. There isn't any secret about it. They talk and laugh and crack jokes about it across Benson's bar, every day in the year almost."

"Have you got a list of the names of the men who play?" Nick asked.

"Yes. Here it is. That is, this is a list of the regulars. Every one of them is a saloon keeper; they are located in widely different parts of the city. They are just a bunch of friends who happen to be in the same business, who like to get together to play poker once a week. They are all decent fellows, as the word goes. I've looked them up a bit."

"That's right." The detective took the list and scanned it; then folded it and put it in his pocket, adding: "There is one here whom we know rather well. Mike Cavanaugh used to be a 'cop.' You remember him, don't you, Patsy?"

"Sure. That is why I went to him for the information I have obtained—as soon as I found out that he was one of the bunch."

"Was Cavanaugh in the game Wednesday night?"

"Yes. Here is another list of names. If you will compare the two, you will find that two of the regulars were absent Wednesday night, and that there were four guests, making seven in the party that played that night."

"Three of the regulars: Cavanaugh, Benson, and Morgan; and four guests named Petersen, Clark, Reilly, and Pabst," said the detective, reading from the list. "Have you looked them up at all?"

"No. I took what Cavanaugh could tell me about them, and that wasn't much. Clark was his guest, and went there and came away with him. Reilly was Benson's guest, and did the same thing. Petersen and Pabst were the substitutes for the two absentees."

"Which two? Be explicit."

"Petersen substituted for Lars Larsen, who is a regular; Pabst substituted for Hall. Morgan, the third regular who was present, did not have a guest. Now you know all of it."

"What I particularly want to know is this: Were all of the seven players there when the game opened, and did all seven of them remain until it closed in the morning? And did Benson absent himself from the room at any time while the game was in progress?"

"I've got all of that information for you, chief. I anticipated that you would want it."

"Naturally. Well?"

"Hall took his substitute, Pabst, to the room himself, and introduced him to the others, saying that it wasn't possible for him to play that night. If he gave a reason, Cavanaugh didn't remember what it was. He went away soon after the game opened, and did not play at all. Petersen, who was Larsen's substitute, didn't show up till nearly midnight. He said that he had been detained, that was all. He took the usual form of introduction from the 'regular' that they use in such cases."

"Petersen had not played with them before that, then?"

"No; but he was properly introduced by a regular, and that was all that was required."

"What about the last part of my question, Patsy?"

"Benson was called from the room once to the telephone. He was gone only a few minutes, Cavanaugh says."

"Isn't there a telephone connection in that room, Patsy?"

"Yes, there is, but it is cut out entirely on the nights when the 'Five Aces'—that is what the club is called—meet there. It has always been so ever since they have been meeting in room three hundred. I asked Cavanaugh particularly about that. It was a general agreement in the beginning to avoid interruptions. Only the head bartenders in their several places can call them up, and a regular form of request has to be made—a sort of password, you see—before the player who is wanted will be summoned to the phone. If you or I should call for any one of them we would be told that he was not there."

"Oh! I see. So a bell hop was sent to the room to summon Benson to the telephone?"

"Yes."

"When? At what time was it?"

"Cavanaugh couldn't say exactly. That alarm clock has its face turned to the wall while they are playing, and it is against the rule to look at watches during the game. They are just a fool lot of regulations that such a party delights in making, you know."

"Yes; but——"

"But it happened somewhere near midnight, because it happened at just the time when Petersen arrived as the substitute for Larsen."

"I see. That is rather interesting. What more about that particular part of it?"

"Well, if you can make anything interesting out of it, here it is, just as Cavanaugh told it to me. He said: 'Petersen was a stranger to the bunch of us. He blew in a minute or so after the bell hop called Benson to the phone. We were in the midst of a jack pot when the lad came to the door, and Benson told him all right, and that he'd be down in a minute. It was Crane, his head bartender, that wanted him. We finished the pot, and it was Benson that won it, too; and, just as he was putting on his coat to go down to the telephone, there was a tap at the door. We keep a nigger in the room to wait on us, and go after drinks and cigars, and so forth, and when the nigger opened the door, Petersen was there. We hadn't any of us ever seen him before, but he said Larsen had sent him, and that settled it as far as he was concerned. Benson nodded to him, said something about shaking hands with him when he got back, and rushed out of the room. Petersen shook hands all around, peeled off his coat and vest, bought a stack of chips, took a drink, lighted a cigar, and the game went on. I don't know how many hands we played before Benson got back, but it wasn't many. We don't keep much account of time when we are playing poker Wednesday nights.' Those may not be Cavanaugh's exact words, chief, but they are pretty near the same."

"Patsy," the detective said, rising from his chair and reaching for his hat, "it is just as certain as fate that the poker game you have been describing played an important part in the shooting of Bob Norman and the ripping open of Doctor Glass' satchel; and I'm going to find out about it, too."

CHAPTER X.

THE PICTURE PUZZLE.

Nick Carter stopped at the study door and turned around.

"Patsy," he said, "I have got all the pieces of a very beautiful theory about this case. I have been picking them up one by one, while you have been telling me your story. The thing is to make them fit together properly. They are all a bit irregular in shape, you see. It is like a picture puzzle, and I have got to study over it for a time. I had a few smaller pieces that seem to go with the same picture, before you told me about the poker game, and what happened there; and there are, I suspect, some of the pieces missing. All the same, the simile is a good one—provided I can make the crooks and curves and angles fit together. You say that Hall took his substitute to room three hundred and introduced him, and then went away again after a short time, saying that he had a date, or words to that effect?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's your stunt now to find out exactly how Mr. Gregory Hall passed the evening of last Wednesday night up to midnight. I don't much care what he did after that; but I do want to know what he did with himself after he took this George Pabst to the Castor House and introduced him to his friends in room three hundred. Understand?"

"Yes."

Nick remained at his study door, hat in hand, for some moments after Patsy had gone out. Then he put his hat on his head as the best manner of getting it out of his way, grasped the telephone book, and began to scan its pages. He jotted down the numbers of two calls, Benson's and the Castor House, and thrust the memorandum into his pocket. Then he left the house and went directly to the telephone exchange with which Benson's saloon was connected. He summoned the manager of the exchange to him, and said:

"I want you to call up the person in authority at your own headquarters in Dey Street and say that Nick Carter is here, asking for information which you have no right to give without his authority to do so. Say that I wish to know, positively, if there is any record of a call by this number to this one"—and he gave the man the memorandum he had made before he left his study—"between eleven o'clock and twelve, last Wednesday night. You can supply the information as soon as you have permission to do so."

Fifteen minutes later the manager returned to him, and said:

"Mr. Carter, as it happens, there is no record of any call from this exchange to the Castor House between eleven and twelve o'clock last Wednesday night. None at all. That answers your question, doesn't it?"

"Yes. Thank you;" and, as he turned away, he told himself silently: "That makes one of the angular pieces of the picture puzzle fit perfectly. It was not Crane, the head bartender, who summoned Benson to the telephone, for I happen to know already, from my inquiries of yesterday, that Crane was on duty behind the bar all of Wednesday night; and he did not run outside to telephone, because in that case there would have been a record of it at the exchange; and so it follows that the telephoning was a prearranged affair, and that another person was told by Benson to use the name of Crane; and, unless I am very much mistaken, that fits in another piece of the picture puzzle. Now I think I will devote a little attention to Mr. Petersen; and after that I'll pay a visit to the hotel."

He sought in his pocket for the two lists, that Patsy had supplied him, of the regular members of the club and of the players that night, and read the full name

and address of Petersen as given there. Then he took the subway to Brooklyn, and a trolley car when he left it at Atlantic Avenue, and he rode a long distance after that. John Petersen's resort for dispensing liquors and beer was a remote one, which fact also happened to fit fairly well into the picture that the detective was creating piece by piece.

The time was yet early in the day when the detective arrived there. He had made one stop on the way out there—at a store where artists' materials were sold.

Petersen was behind the bar when Nick entered the place; he was in the act of tying on his apron, having just "come down," for saloon keepers usually retire early in the morning and sleep late.

Nick walked directly to the bar and exclaimed, as if he were a regular habitué of the place:

"How are you, Mr. Petersen? Fine day, eh? Have a cigar with me—or anything you like."

Petersen put the box on the bar, took a cigar from it and bit off the end, glancing at the detective in the meantime out of a pair of keen, light-blue eyes. He did not speak until he had lighted the cigar and accepted pay for two of them. Nick, meanwhile, unrolled a package that he had been carrying under his arm.

"Watchu got there?" Petersen demanded then impersonally, and as if he did not much care what the reply might be; and Nick Carter began to talk—in the manner of the sort of person he intended to represent himself to be.

"Drawing paper," he replied, speaking rapidly. "I'm an artist, sometimes, when there ain't much doin' in my reg'lar line. I can draw your picture for fair. You know Mike Cavanaugh, don't you? He knows you, anyway. You oughter see a picture I made of him. I'd like to see it myself, right now. You'd think it was a peach if you did see it. I want you to order a crayon picture of yourself from me; that's what. You don't have to pay anything down when you give the order, and you don't have to pay anything, either, after the picture is made, unless it pleases you and you want it. There ain't any obligation on your part to take it if you don't want it; see? And it'll only cost you two dollars when you get it, if you ever do. Hold on, now; you just let me finish what I'm saying, so you'll onderstand the hull layout exactly as it is, and then you won't be fooled and I won't be fooled and nobody'll be fooled; see? All I ask is that you stand still, right there where you are, for three or four minutes while I make a free-hand sketch of your physimahogany, so to speak"—Nick was preparing the paper and getting his pencil out while he was rattling on—"to use as the basis of the crayon that is always made afterward. Most artists would make you sit for them or stand for them"—he began rapidly to make the sketch—"two or three times before they could finish up the picture; but I don't have to do any such thing. I don't have to. I just blow in once and talk to you like I'm talkin' now, and use this pencil like I'm using it now, and then I roll up the sketch when it's finished, tuck it under my arm, buy a drink for the house, maybe, if you're real good-natured about it, and go on my way rejoicing. It's a cinch, makin' pictures that look like people; it is. Now there's lots of 'em, artists you know, who can't make a picture that looks like a man to save their lives. But *I* can, and you can put that in your pipe and smoke it. I remember once I made a picture of a man who looked something like you, only he had a mustache, and your upper lip looks as if you had just shaved one off. Is that right? You needn't answer, because it doesn't make the slightest difference, only if you did just shave one off and are going to let it grow again, you sure will be glad to have a real good picture of yourself that looks exactly the way you do without one. Ain't that right, Mr. Petersen? There! What do you think of that for a sketch that has been made in less than five minutes? Hey?"

Nick held it up for general inspection, and three or four patrons of the place came forward to inspect it; and it was, undeniably, a very good likeness of the man, indeed, although he alone did not appear to take much interest in it.

He gave one careless glance at the sketch, and shrugged his shoulders. Then he said:

"Say, you're some talker, aren't you? But you're wasting your wind, my friend. I'm not going to order any picture."

"No? Why not? Because you don't like yourself without a mustache? Say"—he turned toward the group that had gathered around him at the front of the bar—"what kind of a mustache did Petersen have before he shaved it off, anyhow? Somebody tell me; on the level, now."

"Something like mine," one of the men replied; "only it was longer and heavier and lighter colored than mine is, and it drooped at the ends, so; only more so."

Nick folded the paper upon which he had made the sketch, without regard to creases in it, and thrust it into his breast pocket, inside his coat; then he laid another sheet of paper upon the bar and sketched rapidly the end of Petersen's nose, lips, and chin, and a mustache such as had been described, to accompany the features. That done, he crossed the room to a window where the light was better and held it up.

"Like that?" he asked of the man who had given him the information about the mustache.

"Uh-huh; that's pretty good. A little more here, and a touch more there, and a little more droop to the left side than to the right one; that's it! Now you've got it. Say, show that to Petersen."

CHAPTER XI.

A FREAK BET.

But Nick Carter did not care to show it just then.

He thrust it into his pocket as he had done with the other sketch, and started toward the door. Petersen yelled after him:

"Here! Where you goin' with my picture? Bring that back here, you!"

"Not much, I won't, Mr. Petersen; not so's you'd notice it, not till I'm ready to show you the finished product. Then, if you want to buy——" He did not complete the sentence. He opened the door and passed into the street, and he leaped upon a passing car and was borne away.

He changed to the subway when he reached it, and went directly to the Castor House. He reached it shortly after twelve o'clock. Then he sought the writing room, and found an unoccupied desk where he busied himself for some time with the sketches he had made at the saloon in Brooklyn.

That is, he made a third one from the other two, adding a great deal more of detail to it.

Petersen had been in his shirt sleeves when Nick made the sketch; Nick supplied him with a coat in the third one. Petersen had worn no hat at all; Nick put one on his head. The only description he had been able to obtain of the man who had appeared at the hotel and demanded the key to Doctor Glass' room had been that "he was a tall man with a blond mustache, and he wore a derby hat." That is about as much of a description as one is likely to get under such circumstances. So Nick gave this picture a hat.

When Nick had completed the sketch to his satisfaction, he called to a passing page.

"Tell Mr. Myers, the clerk, that Mr. Carter is in the writing room, and would like very much to see him here for just a moment on an important matter," he said. "Say that I will not detain him more than one minute."

Myers came in great haste presently.

"I can't stay a minute, Carter," he said. "I've got to get back. What is it? What do you want?"

"This," Nick replied, turning the drawing over so that Myers could see it. "I didn't care to show it to you across the desk. Do you know the man?"

"Know him! Say! You're certainly a wonder, Carter. I'd know him in a thousand. That is the very chap who impersonated Doctor Glass."

"Will you swear to it before a jury, if you should be asked to do so?"

"Before a million juries," was the extravagant reply.

"Good! That's all. You can go back now, Myers."

"Where did you find him?"

"I thought you were in a hurry to get back to the desk, Myers."

"I am; but——"

"Then don't stop now to ask foolish questions. You'll know all about it, later on. I am in a hurry, too. I'm making up a picture puzzle, and this is one of the pieces. It has suggested another one, too, and I think I'll get right along after it." He had strolled out of the room and in the direction of the office desk beside Myers while they were talking. Now, he caught the clerk by the arm and detained him for a moment. "There was one more thing that I wanted to attend to while I was here, but you can do it for me, and better, too, if you will, Myers," he said. "I'll call you up by telephone after an hour or so, and ask you about it."

"All right. What is it?"

"There was a card party here that night—in three hundred. You know. Craig Benson, who keeps a saloon down on Sixth Avenue, was one of the players. Telephone connections are cut off from three hundred, Wednesday night, when that bunch plays. That's right, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well—now don't connect the two matters; you don't have to, you know—a telephone call came in for Benson, just before or just after that chap whose picture I showed you asked you for the key to three hundred and forty-one. A bell hop was sent to summon Benson to the phone. I want you to find out which one of the telephone girls received that call and sent to three hundred for Benson, and I want you to make her remember, or find out if she can—I don't care how she does it—where that call came from. If she happened to listen in when Benson came down to the phone, all the better. Will you do it for me?"

"Sure."

Nick took a taxicab and directed that he be taken to the address of Mike Cavanaugh's café.

He knew, now, that there had been a definite object other than a game of poker for the attendance of Petersen at room three hundred that Wednesday night. If he had summed up his opinion about it in words, it would have been something like this:

Petersen was late in arriving at the poker party, not because he was detained, but because he did not care to get there until he was assured that a certain piece of baggage had arrived from the Grand Central Station, and until he was also assured that the man who owned that certain piece of baggage would not arrive at the hotel too soon for his, Petersen's, purposes.

Petersen, at the proper moment, had walked boldly into the hotel and had demanded the key to three hundred and forty-one, in the name of Doctor Glass. He had, of course, been shown to three hundred and forty-one, and had gone inside the room until the person who conducted him there had gone. Then he had gone out, leaving the door unlocked, and had made his way directly to room three hundred. He knew that he was due to remain inside of room three hundred until ten o'clock the following day, and that there would be no chance of his being seen there, even by one of the hotel employees. He knew that at ten in the morning the entire force of the hotel employees would have changed watches, and that then he could safely pass out of the hotel with the other players, unobserved and unrecognized, as the man who had called for the key to three hundred and forty-one.

But that episode about the mustache interested the detective, too, and that was the reason for his sudden determination to make a call upon the ex-policeman, Mike Cavanaugh, who had also been of that poker party.

"Hello, Mike," he said, when he entered Cavanaugh's saloon. "Come over here into the corner of the room a moment; I want to talk to you. Now, Mike, you used to be a cop, and a good one, so you will understand why I may want a little bit of side information about a very small affair. I want to ask you a straight question, and I want a straight answer. Freak bets are sometimes made at poker parties, and you——"

"Say, Nick, that poker party at the Castor, last Wednesday night, seems to interest you a heap, doesn't it? First off you send Patsy up here, rubberin', and I give up to him like a major, although I don't see what he's drivin' at, a little bit; then up you comes, with your josh about freak bets. What's it all about, anyhow?"

"I'll tell you, maybe, presently. What I want to know is this: Did somebody, that night, bet his mustache against something else on a hand he held—and lose it?"

Cavanaugh threw back his head and laughed heartily.

"Gee, but that was funny!" he exclaimed. "How the blazes did you know about it? Petersen, the man we didn't any of us know from sole leather—but he was sent there by Larsen, so he was all right, anyhow—bet his mustache—and it was a corker, too—against Craig Benson's, and lost it. And Craig insisted upon having it, too, and I'm blowed if he didn't cut it off of Petersen's lip with a pair of vest-pocket scissors he had, and tuck it away in his clothes as if he intended to keep it, like a kid keeps a lock of his girl's hair. Petersen offered him ten 'blues,' fifty plunks, if he'd leave it be, but there was nothin' doing. Craig took the 'drooper' all right, all right, and Petersen was the maddest man you ever say when he found out that he couldn't buy Craig off. But he got over it, and ended by borrowing the scissors off Craig and making a better job of it. Now, who the dickens told you about it, I'd like to know? And what did you want to know about it for, anyway?"

CHAPTER XII.

MORE PIECES TO THE PUZZLE.

The detective's picture puzzle was growing.

This last small piece that had been fitted into it was the proof that Craig Benson had been interested in the sacrifice of Petersen's mustache while at the poker game, and had gone there with a pair of vest-pocket scissors in his possession in order to be prepared to clip the mustache from its owner's lip when it should have been lost.

And, of course, it had been prearranged that Benson should be the one with whom the bet of the mustache would be made—and all the time Benson and Petersen had pretended to be unknown to each other, even among those friends at the game who could have had no possible interest in that greater game that Benson and Petersen were playing.

As soon as the detective took his leave of Cavanaugh he dropped in at a corner drug store and made use of the telephone. He called up Myers, the clerk at the Castor.

"Well, Myers," he said, "this is Carter. What about the telephone girl?"

"I found her," came the reply. "She remembers the incident perfectly well. Why not? They are mighty particular in that room, Wednesday nights, about any telephone calls that ask for any of them, and we have orders not to send for any member of the party unless a particular name is used in inquiring for him. In the case of Craig Benson, the name happens to be Crane."

"Yes. I understand that. It's the name of his head bartender. Go on."

"Well, you see, Miss Corey knew that it would take a little while to summon Mr. Benson from room three hundred, and that the wire might be disconnected, by accident or otherwise, in the meantime, and so she asked what number was calling; see?"

"Yes."

"She got it, too. The call came from the Union Hotel, near the Grand Central Station; from one of their telephone booths. There is another thing about it, too, Carter."

"Good! What is it?"

"When Mr. Benson came down and went into the booth where the connection was on, Miss Corey held her switch open long enough to hear if the connection was all right—and she heard *all* that was said. That was because there was only one sentence spoken really, understand?"

"Yes."

"Benson merely picked up the receiver, and said through the transmitter: 'Everything is all right at this end.' And that was all that *was* said. The other party did not utter a word. Benson hung up the receiver again and dashed out of the booth. Miss Corey thought it odd that he should have been called all the way down from three hundred just to say that, and not even to hear the sound of the other man's voice. I hope this is what you wanted to know, Carter."

"It is. Good-by."

Benson had been called to the telephone merely as an excuse for leaving room three hundred for a short time. No more than five minutes had been lost in descending in the elevator in responding to the phone call, in reascending to the third floor, and in hurrying to three hundred and forty-one, the door of which he knew he would find unlocked, *because* he had already seen Petersen.

Does the question arise: Why did not Petersen rob the satchel while he was in three hundred and forty-one, and thus simplify matters? There are many answers to that. Because he preferred to do it himself; because Petersen was not far enough into his confidence to be trusted with all of the secret; perhaps because Petersen did not care to commit an actual act of stealing, or refused to do so.

Cavanaugh's estimate of the time that Benson was absent from the room, as given to Patsy, had been fifteen minutes. Well, that had been sufficient. Five minutes to go to the telephone and return to three hundred and forty-one. Ten minutes in three hundred and forty-one, to rip open the leather satchel with a knife that had already been sharpened and prepared for the work, to drag the contents of it out upon the floor, to search them hurriedly, and to possess himself of such papers he found there that interested him; and then a minute or two to get back to three hundred.

The pieces fitted the puzzle all right.

Nick felt that that part of it was all right, and was now well in hand.

He had evidence enough upon which to arrest Petersen, and to charge him with the impersonation of Doctor Glass, with obtaining the key to room three hundred and forty-one under false representations, and with all the rest of the affair that went with those charges; so he dismissed his taxicab and took the subway to police headquarters, and arranged for two detectives to be sent at once to arrest John Petersen, over in Brooklyn.

From headquarters he called up his own house, where he knew that Doctor Glass would be awaiting his return. Joseph put the doctor on the wire, and Nick said to him:

"Doctor, there is one thing which now assumes some importance in tracing out this entire business, concerning which I did not question you very closely. You told me that when you arrived at the Grand Central Station Wednesday night and determined to look me up at once at my address, you gave your big leather satchel to a baggageman."

"Yes."

"Wait! Don't interrupt. Your train got in at eleven o'clock, or near that. Under ordinary conditions your bag would not have been delivered at the hotel until the following morning. It is evident that it was delivered there almost at once; as soon as you would have arrived there yourself, had you gone directly to the hotel. Now, it happens that the conspirators in this affair must have known something about your arrangements that night after you arrived at the station. I want you to tell me, in as few words as possible, just what you did after you left the train at the station until you boarded the car that was to take you nearly to my house."

"This, Mr. Carter: All my earthly possessions, very nearly, were in that bag. The little bag contained only my instruments, and such things, relating to my profession; nothing of my wearing apparel, or toilet articles. I asked a baggageman to deliver it, and asked when it would be delivered. He told me not until the following morning. I then mentioned your address in Madison Avenue, told him that I was obliged to go to that address before I went to the hotel, and that it was important that I should find my bag at the hotel when I did get there. I asked him how much it would cost to have it delivered at the hotel at once, and he told me. I paid him, took a receipt, and he assured me that the bag would be at my room at the hotel inside of thirty minutes. Then I mentioned the number of your house again, and asked him what car I should take to get there quickest, and he directed me. I took a Fourth Avenue car, and——"

"Yes. I know about that. Now, did you notice if any person, or persons, were standing near you when you had that conversation with the baggageman?"

"There were two men near me at the time, I remember, but I did not notice them. I do not know whether they were young or old. I only noticed that one of them was quite a tall man. That's all."

"It's enough. Good-by."

"Wait a moment, Carter."

"Well?"

"Norman is better. He is beginning to *think* words, even if he cannot quite say them. He comprehends the meaning of several words at a time now. If you can come here within an hour or so I think we will be able to get something out of him."

"I'll be there as soon as I can get there."

To himself, a moment later, Nick Carter thought as follows:

"Still another piece of the patchwork of the picture that fits. Petersen went to the station to be assured that Glass arrived by the train on which he was expected, according to his directions sent to the hotel. Petersen had some means of identifying Glass when he saw him. Petersen discovered two things by listening to that conversation between Glass and the baggageman: That the satchel would be delivered at once to the hotel, and that Glass was going directly to my house. But Petersen must have had a confederate near at hand, for he did not call up the Castor from the Union Hotel, across the street. Who did? Petersen himself went leisurely to the Castor House, knowing that the coast was clear for what he had to do, and that the satchel would be there in Glass' room by the time he got there. Now, who called up Benson at the Castor, at just the right moment?"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FINISHED PICTURE.

Instead of going directly to his own house from headquarters, Nick started for the Union Hotel. While on the subway train he bethought himself to glance again at the lists of names that Patsy had given him of the poker players. He smiled when he discovered what he had more than half expected to find. The name of Lars Larsen, for whom Petersen had substituted at the game was there, of course. He was also a saloon keeper, and the address of his place was in Forty-second Street, not far from the Union Hotel.

That fact fitted in with some ideas born of the information lately received.

Petersen, after assuring himself about the baggage and destination of Glass, had crossed the street to

Larsen's place. He had said something like this to his friend Larsen:

"I am going to the Castor House now. From the drug store on the corner near there I will call you on the telephone. The minute I have done that you slip outside, run into the Union to one of the booths, and call up the Castor, for Benson. Just say that Crane, his head bartender, wants him, and hold the wire till he answers. Then hand up your phone. That is all."

So Nick, instead of going to the Union, went to Larsen's place. He had determined to act upon the supposition that Larsen was an innocent party to the deal, on the principle that if he were really one of the conspirators it would not have been necessary to put quite so much responsibility upon Petersen as had been done. Anyhow, the idea was worth the effort of investigation.

Nick had no difficulty in picking out the proprietor when he entered Larsen's place. He was at the end of the bar in his shirt sleeves. Nick went directly to him, ordered a drink—which he forgot to swallow before he left—and asked Larsen to join him; then he said, laughing:

"That was a fine joke you helped Petersen to play on Craig Benson, Wednesday night. Is that the way you fellows of the 'Five Aces' work it to make a man lose a big pot? Eh?"

Larsen chuckled. That chuckle was sufficient answer. But the man added to it:

"Is that what it was? I thought there was something up when Benson asked me to stay away Wednesday night, and send Petersen as my substitute. Were you there?"

"I know something about it," Nick replied. Then he looked at his watch, and ran out of the place as if he were in danger of losing a train. He had still another piece of the picture puzzle. Larsen would make a valuable witness when the time came.

"Who shot Norman?" he asked himself, as he hurried homeward. "Who kept Norman away from the little gathering at Mrs. Andy's house? What took Norman to my house in time to be shot down on my doorstep? Who is the fourth man in this business? Hall? I wonder!"

The detective found quite a gathering of celebrities at his house when he arrived. Doctor Glass had summoned the several physicians who had been in consultation with him upon Norman's case before, and they were all there at Norman's bedside. Patsy was there, too, and Nick took him into Norman's room with him, saying as he did so:

"I'll hear your report on Hall afterward. It will keep a little while." To the physicians, as soon as he was in the room with them, he said: "Gentlemen, there is another case involved with the shooting of this man. Before I ask you anything about the present condition of the patient, there is something that I should inform you about. Yesterday I tried an experiment with him. I spoke to him in single words, using names that I knew were familiar to him. There was in each such instance a flash of comprehension in the eyes of the patient, and from those flashes I received considerable undeveloped information which I have been working upon since then. I tried him with names that I did not know he knew, and found that he did know several of them; for instance, I mentioned the name of Benson to him, and I saw instantly that he knew who Benson was, or, at least, that the name was known to him. Now——"

"Aw, dry up, Nick, and let somebody else talk," and it was Bob Norman who interrupted him, kicking aside the bedclothing and sitting up, and thus revealing himself partly dressed; nor was Nick Carter the only astonished one in that group that was gathered around him. Except the nurse, they were all thunderstruck, and Doctor Glass as much as any of them. "Give me a cigar and I'll tell you all about it. I'm most dead for a smoke, but I'll keep right on talking. Thanks. I've been able to think and talk since about ten this morning; and it all came back to me—the power I mean—mighty quick, once it got started. I made the nurse promise me that she wouldn't tell; and then I made her tell me all that had happened. And I made up my mind that I wouldn't say a word about it till *you* were here to hear it. See? But Doctor Glass came pretty near to getting wise.

"It's a funny thing, too, that I seem to remember all that has been going on here ever since you tried what you have called your experiment with me. I guess maybe it helped. You said 'Andy' and 'papers' and 'keep 'em' and 'Juneau' and 'Benson,' and a lot of other words to me; and then when I began to get better, and realized what had happened to me and how it must have happened, I got to thinking things over. I guess I've got it pretty straight now.

"This is how it stands, as near as I can make it out: One day, up in Juneau, Andy West came to me and gave me a big envelope that was tied up in red tape and sealed with wax in four places. Says he to me, 'Bob, I want you to keep this for me, and not to give it to anybody but me; not even to my wife—or Vard, if he should come to life and ask for it; and if anything should happen to me, or if I should die or be killed, you keep it just the same till somebody, no matter who it is, comes to you and gives you the other half of this coin.' Then he took an old trade dollar out of his pocket that he'd chopped in two with an ax, and gave me one of the halves. He kept the other half, and I never heard anything about it afterward until I got a letter from a chap named Benson, asking me if Andy had left any papers with me, and saying that if he had done so, he, Benson, was coming after them some day, and that he would show the half of a coin to prove his claim to them. Andy was killed about a month after he gave me the envelope. Benson's letter didn't come till long after that. It made me leary because he didn't seem to know for sure that I had the papers, and he didn't say what kind of a coin it was; so I didn't answer his letter. I uster

think that I'd give that envelope to Dora, but I never did. Then you showed up in Juneau. Once or twice I was on the point of telling you about the envelope and asking your advice, but I didn't. I don't know why, only that I'm naturally close-mouthed about other people's business. Then, the other night when we was all going to Dora's house, a chap comes to me at my rooms, and he says his name is Hall, and that he and this man Benson is partners, and that Benson has got the half of the coin to show me; and I says to him that I've got the papers all right, and that when he shows the other half of the coin he can have them; and he says he'll go and get it, and for me to wait; and I waited till I got tired, and I lost my dinner with the party, and I was mad; and then Hall comes back with half of a regular silver dollar that wasn't no trade dollar at all; and I chucks him out of the room, and I leaves the hotel to find you, and I goes to your house, because I found it was so late that you'd more likely be home than still at Dora's. That's all I know about that. Nurse, open that door. Thanks. Dora, come here." Mrs. Andy, otherwise Mrs. Westerleigh, entered from another room and came forward, smiling. Norman continued his story:

"I made the nurse send for her as soon as I knew what I was about. I told her about the envelope, coin or no coin, and, bless you! she had the half of the trade dollar all the time. She found it in Andy's clothes after he was shot, and had kept it; so there you are, and she's got the papers. And, if you ask me, it's my private opinion that it was that chap Hall that shot me."

"He is down at police headquarters under arrest, charged with it," said Patsy quietly. "He confessed—after I had cornered him."

The confession of Hall need not be given in full. In substance it was this:

Andy West and Benson had been friends in the old days, in New York. Andy had written to Benson asking him to go out to Alaska to help find a fabulous gold deposit, saying that he had the papers and maps, but that they were misleading, and that it needed more brains than he had to make head or tail to them. He had said that he had deposited the papers with "a friend," who would keep them until somebody claimed them by delivering one of the halves of a coin that he had chopped in two; but he did not name the coin, nor the friend.

Then Andy was killed; and Benson delayed going to Alaska. But he took others into his confidence, and ultimately they formed a partnership. Benson was financed and sent to Alaska.

He had two objects: to find out who held the papers, and to find the mine if possible.

He did not succeed in either, but he finally hit upon the name of Bob Norman as being the most likely friend to have the papers in his possession. That was after he had been in the mountain searching for traces of Vard West's doings. He arrived in Juneau after Norman had gone to New York with Nick Carter. He had learned enough about Vard and Andy and Jack Dreen to suspect that Jack Dreen had told Doctor Glass about the great secret; so he repaid the loan that Glass had made him, and pumped him at the same time; and the doctor had not suspected that he was being pumped.

But he found out that Glass was going to New York; he suspected that Glass held the secret, or a part of it, and so the arrangements which Nick Carter had traced out for inspecting Glass' papers were made. We know how expertly they were made.

The shooting of Norman was no part of the undertaking, or the plan. That was Hall's sudden determination after he had followed Norman from his rooms that night and saw him about to enter Nick Carter's house. He knew that Norman had the papers with him, and hoped that he could get them. It was merely a desperate act of the moment, born of the greed for gold.

When Nick Carter turned his head to ask Dora what she should do, now that she was in possession of Jack Dreen's secret papers, he did not ask it. He saved it until another and more propitious moment; for he discovered in that glance that she had just revealed another secret that was still more precious to her. Her love for Doctor Philip Glass.

And so it happened that Jack Dreen's secret might be studied out by both of them, to whom it rightfully belonged, at their leisure.

THE END.

"Nick Carter's Pipe Line; or, Running Down the Reindeer Rye," is the title of the story that will appear in the next issue of this weekly. In this narrative Nick Carter undertakes the difficult task of uncovering one of the most famous smuggling cases in the records of the traffic between Canada and the United States. How he gained access to a suspected cellar, only to find himself in a trap, and his further exciting underground work, including the discovery of the fatal pipe line, are features of this absorbing story. The issue is No. 16, and it will be out December 28th.

WONDERS OF THE BODY.

The skin contains more than 2,000,000 openings, which are the outlets of an equal number of sweat glands. The human skeleton consists of more than 200 distinct bones.

An amount of blood equal to the whole quantity in the body passes through the heart once every minute. The full capacity of the lungs is about 320 cubic inches. About two-thirds of a pint of air are inhaled and exhaled at each breath in ordinary respiration. There are said to be more than 500 separate muscles in the body, with an equal number of nerves and blood vessels.

The weight of the heart is from eight to twelve ounces. It beats 100,000 times in twenty-four hours. Each perspiratory duct is one-fourth of an inch in length, the aggregate of the whole being thus about nine miles.

The average man takes five and a half pounds of

food and drink each day, which amounts to nearly one ton of solid and liquid nourishment annually. A man breathes eighteen times a minute, or from 350 to 400 cubic feet of air every day of his existence.

WHO WAS THE MODEL?

Or, Missing: A Beautiful Heiress.

By ALDEN F. BRADSHAW.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Matilda Mason, a beautiful heiress, who lives with her uncle, the Reverend Doctor Lawton, in Boston, mysteriously disappears. The case is reported to Chief Inspector Watts by Doctor Lawton and Miss Mason's fiancé, Benjamin Wade. Detective Sheridan is assigned to the case, and starts to go to Doctor Lawton's house to see a picture of the missing girl.

CHAPTER III.

FOUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

The three men took a carriage in Pemberton Square and were driven immediately to Doctor Lawton's house, their way taking them through attractive Beacon Street and by famous Boston Common, then barren of its famous foliage. The doctor's residence was nearly out, to Bay State Road, and was one of the new, less pretentious dwellings of that cultured and attractive locality.

A maidservant admitted them, and the clergyman led the way through a sumptuous reception hall, and then to a fine library at the rear of the house, the broad windows of which overlooked the waters of the Charles and the distant city of Cambridge. With half an eye, Sheridan Keene decided this to be a home from which no sane girl would voluntarily have fled, possibly to have accepted thereby the disgrace and ostracism which must have followed such an impropriety.

Almost immediately they were joined by the clergyman's wife, a motherly woman some years his junior, and whose agitated inquiries concerning the result of their efforts that morning indicated her intense anxiety.

With her came a young woman, one of the neighbors, and a friend of the missing girl. She had been confidentially informed of the distressing situation, and was remaining at the house to afford Mrs. Lawton what comfort and encouragement she was able.

The clergyman presented the detective to both women, and explained the situation in a few grave words. In the presence of his wife Doctor Lawton bore himself with a composure which at once revealed to Sheridan Keene his affectionate and manly solicitude.

The detective at once came to his business.

"I would like to see any photographs of Miss Mason that you may have, Mrs. Lawton," he said kindly. "We shall do all in our power to locate the girl and restore her to you as quickly and quietly as possible."

"God give you help!" exclaimed Mrs. Lawton fervently, with a grateful pressure of the young detective's hand. "I will get you the photographs at once."

She produced one from an elaborate album on the table, and several others from a fancy receptacle occupying a cabinet against the wall. Sheridan Keene received them with a bow, and then drew aside to one of the windows to consider them without interruption.

To this student of Lavater a photograph appealed with far more significance than to an ordinary observer. Those he now held presented characteristics which at once startled him by their import, yet he gave no sign of the inferences he immediately drew. The pictures were four in number, and had been taken at various times during the past year, he had been informed. The face was that of a very beautiful girl, with rare, expressive eyes, a broad, intellectual brow, and an abundance of wavy hair. The mouth and chin indicated firmness of character, and the poise of the head a certain degree of natural dignity and pride. Keene quickly decided that the rector was right in declaring that Tillie Mason had not voluntarily deserted her home and her friends. His deductions went further than this, moreover.

Only one of the photographs was in street attire, evidently taken the previous winter. One of the other three was in conventional evening costume, and the remaining two were in a much more fanciful and picturesque attire, displaying amid a profusion of delicate laces the girl's perfectly formed neck and shoulders, and producing an effect of almost classical beauty.

Sheridan Keene smiled within himself, and, turning to his waiting observers, said inquiringly:

"I think I understood you to say, Mrs. Lawton, that all of these pictures had been taken within the past twelve months."

"Yes, sir," Mrs. Lawton came forward to reply. "The last, that in your right hand and in fanciful costume, was taken about three months ago."

"And I presume all of the pictures are tolerably good likenesses of Miss Mason?"

"Very good, indeed, sir. Tillie always took an excellent picture."

"These will help me in locating her, thank you," bowed Keene, with grave courtesy."

"Do you wish to retain them?"

"No, I don't think I shall need to take them away with me. I have a faculty for remembering faces, and shall not easily forget so lovely a one as this. I shall not require to see them again."

He returned the photographs while speaking, but he did not say what astute deductions he had made from these telltale bits of pasteboard. Yet the frequency with which these pictures had been taken, and the characteristics marking three of the four, had told Sheridan Keene as plainly as if imparted from the lips of the girl herself, that Tillie Mason, despite her inherent modesty, cherished in secret a girlish pride in her pretty face and symmetrical figure, and had indulged, perhaps, a pardonable vanity in this artistic display of herself.

Only a clever and discerning man, a shrewd analyst of character, and a deep reasoner, could possibly have drawn conclusions as astute as these. Sheridan Keene already suspected that he had the solution of this mystery well in hand; but even Sheridan Keene sometimes ran against difficulties which would have defeated most men.

"If you please, Mrs. Lawton," he now said; "I would like to have you take me alone to Miss Mason's chamber."

"Certainly, Mr. Keene," she readily assented. "There is no objection to that. I will go with you."

"If you will be so kind."

Leaving the others, Mrs. Lawton led the detective up one flight of stairs, and into the rear room above the library. It was a beautiful chamber, furnished in

light blue, and evincing all the characteristics of a girl of exquisite taste and refinement. A pretty desk, the top of which was open, stood in one corner, and almost immediately caught the detective's eye.

"Have you examined Miss Mason's desk, Mrs. Lawton, to learn if she has left any missive for you, or has received any correspondence that might explain her absence?" he asked gravely.

"Oh, yes, sir!" Mrs. Lawton exclaimed. "I have thoroughly examined the desk, and have found absolutely nothing of an explanatory nature."

"No letters?"

"None at all, sir, bearing upon this dreadful affair."

"No telegrams or telephone calls?"

"Not one, sir."

"What are these, Mrs. Lawton?" asked Keene, and he glanced at a portfolio beside the desk.

"They are sketches and studies in drawing," was the reply. "Tillie is much interested in that kind of work."

"May I look the sketches over?"

"Certainly, sir."

The detective placed the portfolio upon the desk to make a brief examination of its contents. Most of the sheets were crayon or pencil sketches. A few were landscape and water views, but the greater part were anatomical drawings, in mere sections. They would have suggested but very little indeed to an ordinary observer; to Sheridan Keene they suggested volumes. Presently he laid aside the portfolio and signed Mrs. Lawton to a chair.

"I wish you would now answer a few questions for me," he said gravely, still standing.

"Willingly, sir," bowed Mrs. Lawton.

"Is your niece, Miss Mason, a girl of cheerful temperament?"

"She has a cheerful and very sweet disposition, sir," was the reply, with some wonderment at the question, "but is by no means what is commonly termed flighty."

"Is she lively about the house?"

"Not particularly, sir; she is rather inclined to be quiet and serious."

"Of a rather thoughtful disposition, with an interest in things worth considering? In fact, a girl of considerable stability?"

"That expresses it, sir."

"Have you lately noticed any change in her?"

"In what way, sir?"

"That of noticeable reserve, or self-absorption, as if she had something unusual on her mind," Keene explained.

"Why, yes, now that you speak of it, I have," replied Mrs. Lawton readily. "I think Tillie has lately been more serious, and inclined to remain in the solitude of her own chamber. Pray, sir, what do you infer from that?"

"Nothing at all significant," smiled Keene, with grave courtesy. "I wish merely to inform myself of the girl's disposition."

"Ah, yes, sir, I see," bowed Mrs. Lawton, with a faint sigh, as if she had drawn some faint encouragement from the manner and questions of the officer.

"Have you noticed anything curious in her conduct?"

"I can't say that I have."

"Is she at home most of the time during the day?"

"Yes, sir; generally."

"I think your husband told me that she visited the conservatory regularly."

"Once a week, sir, to take her music lesson."

"Aside from that, has she lately been out more frequently than, say, six months ago?"

Mrs. Lawton looked up with a startled expression in her eyes.

"Why, yes, she has!" she exclaimed impulsively. "Still I have not thought much about it. She has been out in the morning quite regularly of late. Really, sir, you already seem to know more about her actions than I do."

Sheridan Keene laughed softly.

"Constant companionship frequently blinds, they say," he said lightly. "Has Miss Mason ever told you where she has been mornings?"

"No, sir. In fact, I never gave the matter much thought."

"Did you ever ask her a direct question about it?"

"Not that I can now recall, sir."

"How long a time was she usually absent when out in the morning?"

"She usually came home about her lunch hour, one o'clock," replied Mrs. Lawton. "And she often brought with her some small parcel, which indicated to me that in all probability she had been out shopping, hence I thought nothing special about her going."

"I see," nodded Sheridan Keene, as indeed he did.

"Your husband did not inform me of this absence of his niece mornings. Doesn't he know of it?"

"Well, sir, I don't think he ever has noticed it. Doctor Lawton is usually engaged in his study during the entire morning."

"That probably explains it," smiled Sheridan Keene; now deciding that Tillie Mason had taken these opportunities for some outside excursions, the true character of which she had not yet disclosed.

"I shall detain you only a few moments longer," he continued, consulting his watch. "I want to know if Miss Mason has confided to you anything relative to her engagement to Mr. Wade?"

"We never have discussed it except in a general way, sir," replied Mrs. Lawton, with another look of surprise.

"Has there been a definite time set for the marriage?"

"No, sir. The engagement even has not been announced."

"Has Miss Mason been making preparations for the marriage?"

"Only in a very small way, sir. It probably will not occur for a year at least, as Mr. Wade first wishes to firmly establish his business."

"What is his business?"

"He is in real estate, sir."

"Then Miss Mason has not said anything special to you, relative to her marriage or her affections for Mr. Wade?"

"Nothing more than one might expect under the circumstances. What do you imagine she might have said, may I ask?"

"Nothing at all," Sheridan Keene smiled curiously. "I very rarely indulge in imaginings, Mrs. Lawton, and at present am only seeking for some clew that may lead to an explanation of Miss Mason's sudden and mysterious disappearance. I think that is all at present, Mrs. Lawton, and I will not detain you here any longer."

They returned to the library in company.

"Will you remain for lunch?" Mr. Lawton immediately asked of Keene. "I will have it served at once, if you will."

But Sheridan Keene quickly shook his head.

"No, I thank you, doctor," he replied, with a bow; "I wish to get at work upon this case as soon as possible and will get my lunch downtown."

"Can you say nothing to me of an encouraging nature, Mr. Keene?" said the clergyman, with a look of appeal in his anxious eyes.

"No more than Chief Watts said to you this morning, sir," replied Keene gravely. "I think, however, that I would not feel too apprehensive concerning Miss Mason's personal safety."

"I thank you for that much, sir," was the grateful reply. "Will you remain here to lunch, Mr. Wade?"

Wade turned to the detective.

"Not if Mr. Keene will allow me to go with him," he replied. "I may be able to help him in some way, in which case I shall stick to him like a brother. What do you say, Detective Keene?"

"That you may come along with me if you wish," said Sheridan Keene, with rather an odd intonation. "I think I may find a way in which you can aid me."

CHAPTER IV.

DETECTIVE KEENE'S SUDDEN REMARK.

"Hold on!" said Mr. Wade, as he and Detective Keene emerged to the street. "The cars are too slow for me in my present state of mind. We will engage the cab yonder. Hi, there, cabbie! Drive over here, and look sharp!"

The cabman, though a block away, heard and waved his hand in response, then hastened to gather up his reins.

Sheridan Keene halted in the sidewalk just in front of the rector's house, and glanced curiously at his companion.

Wade's vociferous summons had broken with startling abruptness the quietude of the aristocratic avenue. His eagerness to begin the search for the lost heiress whom he aspired to wed was, to say the least, commendable and consistent in the young man, despite his very nervous manner and effeminate countenance. Keene decided that he was a bolder and more energetic fellow than he had at first inferred.

Yet he growled disapprovingly:

"Hold your tongue! Do you want to rouse the entire neighborhood? Whistle to a cabman when you want one. They respond to a whistle as readily as a dog."

"The neighborhood can stand it, I guess," returned Wade, half laughing. "I am too nervous to contain myself longer."

"There's nothing in that, my man. Get aboard."

"Where are you going first?"

"To Vercelli's for lunch. Detectives eat, along with other failings," dryly answered Keene, thrusting him into the cab which had drawn up at the curbing. "Did you hear, cabbie?"

"Sure, sir! Vercelli's."

"Look sharp, then."

And Sheridan Keene sprang into the cab, banging the door behind him, and the vehicle was off and away down Beacon Street before the detective had fairly settled himself in the seat beside Benjamin Wade.

"Now what do you know about this affair?" Keene at once demanded plainly. "Let's have the whole story."

Wade turned like a flash, catching his breath with amazement, then stammered forcibly, with some resentment:

"Know about it? What do you mean, sir? Do you imply that I know more than I have told? If you do, you make a mistake."

"I imply nothing of the kind," said Keene shortly. "Do not kick over the traces till you are touched with the whip. I mean, what do you know about Tillie Mason more than I have already learned?"

"Oh, is that what you mean?" rejoined Wade, quickly mollified. "I really know nothing more about her than you have been told."

"You are quite sure about that, are you? I want you to come flat-footed with me, understand, man to man; and if you know anything, let's have it. I must begin this search with my eyes open, if it is to result in a discovery of the girl."

Wade replied, with a fervor that should have been convincing:

"I know absolutely nothing about her absence, nor about Tillie herself, more than you have been told, Detective Keene. God knows I would do anything in my power to safely restore her to her home."

"Well, well, we will see if it can't be done!" exclaimed Keene, dropping his inquiries and his curt manner. "The case looks dark enough at present, however. I am blessed if I can fathom it."

"Would you suggest advertising?"

"Not at present. The rector is right about that."

"I suppose he is. Yet it seems to me——"

"Here we are! We will talk it over while lunching."

"I will settle the fares."

"Very well. And by the way," Keene added, turning sharply, "if you have any business to look after, don't let me keep you. There is absolutely nothing you can do to-day."

"I can't think of business," Wade protested, with petulant decisiveness. "I can think of nothing but Tillie. No, no! Let me remain with you. There may be something I can do."

Sheridan Keene offered no further objection, if such the last was intended to have been; and the two men entered the restaurant and took one of the side tables. They were no sooner seated, than Wade ventured to ask with some eagerness:

"Have you decided on any plan, Detective Keene?"

"Plan about what?"

"As to your operations for locating Miss Mason, of course."

"No, I have not."

"What are you going to do first?"

"I don't know, I am sure."

"But something must be done!" Wade exclaimed, staring anxiously at the man opposite, as if scarce able to understand him.

"Perhaps you can suggest something," returned Keene, with considerable point.

Wade colored slightly, but immediately shook his head.

"If a detective of your ability cannot, surely you don't expect it of me," he said. "I am utterly at sea in the

matter. I thought detectives always had a regular plan of operations for such a case at this?"

"Plans are shaped by circumstances, and by the evidence discovered, Mr. Wade," Keene answered pleasantly. "Detective work is not done by rule and square. Methods vary with various cases. Operations must be determined by discoveries and what discoveries indicate. Resort is made to all sorts of sagacious schemes in order to effect the desired end. For instance, if I were to tell you, point-blank, that you are directly responsible for Tillie Mason's sudden and mysterious disappearance—good God, waiter; catch that man!"

Keene sprang up with the startled interpolation. And a waiter from one of the near tables darted to his assistance. But the attempt of both proved vain. For, as the last word issued from the lips of the detective, Ben Wade, who had swayed slightly in his chair, with eyes rolled backward in his head, pitched sidewise from his seat and fell with a crash to the restaurant floor.

"The man has fainted!" exclaimed Sheridan Keene, bending over him and dashing a glass of water in the face of the prostrate man. "Bring a pony of brandy, waiter! Look lively!"

The waiter hastened to obey, while a crowd of Vercelli's startled patrons gathered at the scene of the disturbance, eager to render aid. No assistance was needed, however; for Wade presently revived, coming to himself with a gasp and sigh, and was assisted back to his chair.

"I am all right now," he said faintly, draining the stimulant which Keene placed to his lips. "I don't see what knocked me off my pins so suddenly. It must have been the excitement, or the odor of food. I have eaten nothing since yesterday, Doctor Lawton came so early this morning."

"You are better, are you?" asked Keene, with solicitude.

"Oh, yes, thanks. I am quite myself now. It is not like me to turn my toes up in that way."

"I feared that you might have been affected by my remarks," gravely observed Keene, as he resumed his seat opposite that of his companion. "I felt quite distressed for a moment, lest I thoughtlessly had caused you alarm."

"What remarks were those?" asked Wade, feeling for his handkerchief.

"Pertaining to the girl, you remember," explained Keene. "I said, if I were to charge you with being directly responsible for her disappearance—but before I could finish, you had popped out of your chair like a cork out of a bottle of Roderer."

"No, I was not affected by your remarks, Detective Keene; far from it," Wade answered earnestly, and he wiped from his pale brow the moisture which had gathered there in tiny drops. "Miss Mason is more to me than any other person in all the world, and I trust that you do not for a moment think I am guilty of having had anything to do with her distressing disappearance."

"Surely not; surely not!" exclaimed Sheridan Keene, with reassuring candor. "Had I had time to conclude my remarks before you went by the board so abruptly, I should have added that that was but one of the circuitous ways by which detectives attempt to estimate a suspected person's integrity. Not that I suspect you, understand me, Mr. Wade," Keene hastened to add; "I merely was illustrating detectives' methods."

"I see, sir," bowed Wade, adjusting his napkin.

He was now apparently recovered, and the two men dropped the subject during the brief time they allowed themselves for lunch.

It was nearly one o'clock. Sheridan Keene already had laid out the lines of his investigation, subject always to the changes which circumstances might require, and his fist step, the lunch being ended, was to rid himself of Wade, which he wished to accomplish without giving further mistrust to the young man, whose interest in Keene's movements was not wholly to the latter's fancy.

The detective accomplished his object with his usual sagacity. He went to the desk in the restaurant and wrote a brief note to Chief Watts, stating the purpose for which he was writing, and, having sealed the missive, returned to his companion.

"If you are anxious to assist me, Mr. Wade," he said, as they left the restaurant, "there is a little service you now can do me."

"Certainly."

"I want to visit the cab stations and ascertain if any of the drivers can give me any information. Possibly one of them had been employed Tuesday evening by the parties guilty of this abduction, and through him I may be able to trace the criminals."

"A good idea!" exclaimed Wade approvingly.

"Meantime, I want a line taken to Chief Watts at his office in Pemberton Square. I wish him to detail another man on the case I was investigating yesterday. I find this affair will require me much longer than I at first estimated."

"I see, sir."

"And I wish you to take this letter down to the chief's office, if you have no objection."

"Not at all!" exclaimed Wade readily. "I will go with it at once."

"Thanks, very much."

"But, say, where can I see you again after having delivered it?"

Keene was inclined to laugh at the fellow's persistency, but suppressed his amusement.

"If I can get around there," he replied quickly, "I will meet you at Clark's café at four o'clock."

"On Washington Street?"

"Yes."

"I will wait there till you come."

"All right, Mr. Wade," Keene nodded agreeably. "It may be after four, but I will turn up there sooner or later. Then I can tell you just what I have accomplished."

This seemed to give eminent satisfaction to Mr. Wade, and the two men shook hands and parted; the latter hurrying away with the message intrusted to him by the detective.

"Well, well; there's a remarkably curious chap. He certainly meant it when he said he'd stick to me like a brother," said Keene to himself. "But I am rid of him for a time, at least, and now I can open up the game unhindered."

He did not visit the cab stations, in which he had, in fact, no interest. He at once took a carriage and was driven to the Boston Art School, where he presently was received in the office of the principal director.

"I am Detective Keene, of the Boston inspectors," he explained, when they were seated. "I am engaged in investigating a very serious affair, the nature of which

I am not at liberty to disclose, but which involves the personal safety of one of the community. I think you may be able to give me, in an indirect way, some assistance."

The director was very much of a gentleman, and readily expressed his willingness.

"I know you by name, Detective Keene," he added, with a complimentary bow. "How can I serve you?"

"To begin with, I would like to look at your list of students."

"Our present list?"

"Say for six months back."

"This book will inform you, sir. It is an indexed record."

"That will aid me materially," bowed Keene, turning at once to the letter "M."

He did not find what he sought, however, the name of Matilda Mason; and he presently returned the volume.

"Do you object to my visiting your main studio?" he asked.

"Not at all," replied the director, rising. "Come out this way."

He led the detective into a large room lighted by several broad windows.

Some thirty students occupied various portions of the room, some at easels, some at tables, and all busily engaged in their work. A few instructors moved here and there among them, and at one side of the room a woman was posing for a group of students in model work.

"It is rather a pleasant vocation," observed Keene, smiling.

"Yes, in some respects," bowed the director.

"The lady occupying the stand yonder is a model, I presume."

"Yes, she is," was the reply. "Hers is a more arduous and less promising business than that of the students. They have at least the hope that is born of ambition."

"True," nodded Keene. "Are these models hired to pose?"

"Oh, yes."

"How many do you generally have on your list?"

"Oh, the list varies constantly. At present we have from six to eight."

"Do you ever have women volunteer their services?"

"Rarely," laughed the director. "It is not a very desirable task. Sometimes, however, it occurs."

"Have you recently had such a volunteer?"

"Not for a year or more," replied the director. "The last was a girl whose parents wanted a sketch of the young lady in payment for the pose. We don't have many instances of the kind, however."

"I think that is all, then," bowed Sheridan Keene. "And I thank you very much for your kindness."

"Don't mention it, Detective Keene," smiled the director, leading the way out. "Call at any time when you think I can serve you."

"You are very good," bowed Keene, withdrawing.

His mission had resulted in no discovery of importance, but he did not stop with his visit. He spent nearly the entire afternoon in calls at the several art schools in different portions of the city, at each of which the same inquiries and observations were made, and with the same futile end. Next he visited two private studios with the same result, much to his disappointment.

But the renewal of his search on the morrow was destined to be more satisfactory.

It was six o'clock when he rejoined Wade in Clark's café, where the latter had been impatiently waiting his arrival.

"I was delayed at the cab headquarters," the detective explained; "and have seen some of the drivers."

"Have you made any discoveries yet?" asked Wade, with an immediate display of eager interest.

"Not as yet," replied Keene, shaking his head. "It is too early in the game. I may have something to report in the morning."

"What are you going to do now?"

"Go home to my dinner, and then have a night's sleep," said Keene shortly.

"Not a bad idea," admitted Wade, with rather doubtful accents. "May I see you again in the morning?"

"Yes, if you wish."

"I certainly do. Where shall I meet you?"

"Oh, say at the chief's office at ten o'clock."

"Why so late?"

"Because I first want to go to the cab headquarters. I may be delayed there again, you know."

"Very well," said Wade, apparently satisfied. "I will be at the chief's office at ten o'clock."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Where One-third of a Lifetime is Spent.

By JOHN R. CORYELL.

A bed is not exactly one-third of a man's life; but it is the place where he spends usually that much of his mortal existence. The bed is, therefore, a proper subject of inquiry, for, filling so large a space in the total of life, it must in a large measure reflect the character of the conditions by which different people in different ages have been surrounded.

For example, if it should be known of a people that they have no permanent beds, would it not be easy to guess that they also have no permanent homes? The rule would not always hold good, perhaps, but at least it may safely be said that as a people progresses in civilization they improve and elaborate their sleeping accessories. Phases of community life, too, are shown very markedly in bed matters.

Low down in the scale of savage life the only bed is the bare earth, the only covering the blue sky. A little higher is the rudely prepared hide thrown on the earth to protect the sleeper from the dampness. When a little later man has built himself a hut, tent, or temporary shelter, the skin is left in a special corner, and, for a time, at least, there is a bed. By and by a permanent hut is built, a community is formed, there is more protection for property, and the bed may be made more elaborate. Several skins are used, the sleeper disrobes on going to bed, and covering is needed when nights are cool. From this time on the improvement is rapid.

Large, solid houses are built, families occupy the same dwellings for generation after generation, and a desire for ornamentation in furniture springs up in life. Also there comes a desire for more ease. Rheumatism comes from sleeping on the ground. Insects and rats, too, may easily reach you—the bedstead is born. As yet the houses are not well built, and the air makes its way at will through them. Luxury makes delicacy, and man catches cold. Bed curtains become necessary, and, of course,

posts for curtains. Sturdy domestic people, like the Saxons in England, feel that there can come no change to them, and they build bedsteads at last—great, heavy, immovable oak structures.

When, after a while, wealth accumulates, and consequent indulgence in pleasure enervates, the bed is no longer only a place for restful sleep, it is also turned into a place for slothful lounging. In France, in the seventeenth century, not only royalty, but nobility and gentry held what they called levees, when, propped up in lace and silken pillows, stuffed with down, and clad in costly silk or linen night clothing, not only the men, but the women, too, received callers.

With carpets and rugs came movable bedsteads, for the busy broom must chase the dust out of the dirt-loving floor covering. With the struggle of poverty with gentility, with the battle between mock modesty and necessity, with the six-by-six room in the city boarding house came that iniquity, that lurking place of the merry brown bug: the folding bedstead.

Of course, the growth of the bed would vary in different climates, for climate is a grand determiner of destinies of all things, including man himself. In hot climates the hammock was born. In very cold climates, where civilization has had but little growth, men, women, and children pack together like herrings in a box, so as to save all the heat generated by their own bodies.

In Japan, where, with very considerable advance in civilization, there is an unusual physical hardihood, the story of the bed has been peculiar. Bedstead there is none, nor for the matter of that are there any chairs, nor, indeed, any other thing movable in the nature of furniture. The mats on the floors of the houses are clean and sweet, and in warm weather make as good a bed as any but a sybarite could ask. In winter they also serve as beds, but the person, before lying down, takes off his day clothing and puts on a heavy quilted gown, with long, wide sleeves and ample folds; a sort of bed gown, as it were. Nothing can be more comfortable than his bed, nothing more clean, nothing more neat. It can never be transplanted to this country, even were it desired or desirable, for our dirty carpets could not take the place of the sweet-smelling, clean-looking, and really clean Japanese mat. From the Japanese pillow, however, deliver me. It is made of wood, is as sharp as the back of a knife blade, and goes under the neck.

In China, the land of dirt, outward seeming, and arrested civilization, there are odd forms of beds produced by the peculiarities of the country. In the thickly wooded parts of the country bedsteads are made with elaborately carved posts and roofs, and are hung with curtains. In summer the sleeper rests on a bed of woven strips of rattan, which is exceedingly cool and somewhat springy. In winter the rattan is covered with a thick quilt, stuffed with down or cotton, and a similar quilt used for a covering. In the north of China, where wood is scarce, and the weather bitterly cold in winter, the oddest of all beds is used. There is but one bed for the whole family. It is a broad platform, built of mud, and raised two feet or a little more from the bare mud floor of the room. The interior of the bed is hollow. At night it is filled with straw or some other cheap fuel, which is set afire, and the whole bed thus well heated. Baking is done under the bed, and the whole family court slumber on its top.

In civilized countries, now, no branch of industry makes greater efforts toward greater luxury than bed and bedstead makers. We have every inducement offered to keep us in bed. Curled hair and elastic springs, down pillows and down quilts, enervating heat from the cellar furnace, and even portable one-sided tables which can be thrust over the bed, and thus bring the dainty viands under the fevered eyes and parched lips of the sluggish debauchee, who spends his days in bed and his nights in riot.

But even now may we not turn from the pampered child of luxury to the weary, hungry outcast, whose only crime is poverty, and see at a glance the whole gap between the past and present: the time when man had no bed but the cold earth, and the time when the bed is the personification of luxury.

THE MINISTER'S GRIEVANCES.

By MAX ADELER.

"Brethren," said the aged minister, as he stood up before the church meeting on New Year's Eve. "I am afraid we will have to part. I have labored among you now for fifteen years, and I feel that that is almost enough, under the peculiar circumstances in which I am placed. Not that I am exactly dissatisfied; but a clergyman who has been preaching to sinners for fifteen years for five hundred dollars a year, naturally feels that he is not doing a great work when Deacon Jones, acting as an officer of the church, pays him his last quarter's salary in a promissory note at six months, and then, acting as an individual, offers to discount it for him at ten per cent if he will take it part out in clover seed and pumpkins.

"I feel somehow as if it would take about eighty-four years of severe preaching to prepare the deacon for existence in a felicitous hereafter. Let me say, also, that while I am deeply grateful to the congregation for the donation party they gave me on Christmas, I have calculated that it would be far more profitable for me to shut my house and take to the woods than endure another one. I will not refer to the impulsive generosity which persuaded Sister Potter to come with a present of eight clothespins; I will not insinuate anything against Brother Ferguson, who brought with him a quarter of a peck of dried apples of the crop of eighteen seventy-two; I shall not allude to the benevolence of Sister Tynhirst, who came with a penwiper and a tin horse for the baby; I shall refrain from commenting upon the impression made by Brother Hilt, who brought four phosphorescent mackerel, possibly with an idea that they might be useful in dissipating the gloom in my cellar. I omit reference to Deacon Jones' present of an elbow of stove pipe and a bundle of toothpicks, and I admit that when Sister Peabody brought me sweetened sausage meat, and salted and peppered mincemeat for pies, she did right in not forcing her own family to suffer from her mistake in mixing the material. But I do think I may fairly remark respecting the case of Sister Walsingham, that, after careful thought, I am unable to perceive how she considered that a present of a box of hairpins to my wife justified her in consuming half of a pumpkin pie, six buttered muffins, two platefuls of oysters, and a large variety of miscellaneous food, previous to jamming herself full of preserves, and proceeding to the parlor to join in singing 'There is Rest for the Weary!' Such a destruction of the necessaries of life doubtless contributes

admirably to the stimulation of commerce, but it is far too large a commercial operation to rest solely upon the basis of a ten-cent box of hairpins.

"As for matters in the church, I do not care to discuss them at length. I might say much about the manner in which the congregation were asked to contribute clothing to our mission in Senegambia; we received nothing but four neckties and a brass breast pin, excepting a secondhand carriage whip that Deacon Jones gave us. I might allude to the frivolous manner in which Brother Atkinson, our tenor, converses with Sister Priestly, our soprano, during my sermons, and last Sunday kissed her when he thought I was not looking; I might allude to the absent-mindedness which has permitted Brother Brown twice lately to put half a dollar on the collection plate, and take off two quarters and a ten-cent piece in change; and I might dwell upon the circumstance that, while Brother Toombs, the undertaker, sings 'I Would Not Live Always' with professional enthusiasm that is pardonable, I do not see why he should throw such unction into the hymn 'I Am Unworthy, Though I Give My All,' when he is in arrears for two years' pew rent, and he is always busy examining the carpet pattern when the plate goes round. I also——"

But here Brother Toombs turned off the gas suddenly, and the meeting adjourned, full of indignation at the good pastor. His resignation was accepted unanimously.

AIR OR HAIR.

In the days when packet ships ran between New York and London a youthful passenger asked the English mate of the *Christiana* what there was in the leather tubing around the gunwales of the lifeboats.

"Hair, sir," he answered.

"Is there anything peculiarly buoyant about hair?" asked the American youth.

"If you don't know that you don't know much," replied the mate, with a look of contempt as he moved to another part of the ship.

The youth was humiliated, and a few days later asked the captain why hair was so buoyant in water. That authority replied that he didn't know that it was and inquired why the youth thought it was so.

"Why, sir, your mate told me that there was hair in the tubes of the lifeboats to make them float when capsized."

"Ah!" answered the captain, laughing. "He's a cockney; he means air."

TWO CAMPING NOTES.

When you are in camp there are two very important things you should remember:

Firstly, there is sleeping on damp ground. Supposing you were to get rheumatic fever or have bad tweaks of rheumatism in after years, the experience would be dearly bought, and too late to be any good to you.

Always have at least one waterproof sheet between you and the ground, even if it feels perfectly dry to the touch.

Of course, one can sleep on damp ground, and be none the worse for it, but it is a risky thing to do, and you will notice that experienced travelers take the most elaborate precautions to keep themselves dry at night.

Secondly, there is the question of bad water. Nothing is more likely to make you really seedy than impure water, and, however thirsty you are, don't drink water that you are suspicious about.

MARK TWAIN'S MODEL HOTEL.

Here is Mark Twain's description of a notice he saw in a Swiss hotel:

"The Model Hotel. The comforts of home without its responsibilities. This hotel has been built and arranged for the special comfort and convenience of its visitors. On arrival, each guest will be asked how he likes his situation, and if he says the hotel ought to have been placed higher up on the knoll, or farther down toward the village, the location of the house will be immediately changed. Corner-front rooms up only one flight for every guest.

"Baths, gas, hot and cold water, laundry, telegraph, fire alarm, barroom, billiard table, daily papers, sewing machine, grand piano, clergyman and all other modern conveniences in every room. Waiters of any nationality or color desired. Every waiter furnished with a libretto, buttonhole bouquet, full-dress suit, ball tablets, and his hair parted in the middle. Every guest will have the best waiter in the house.

"Any guest not getting his breakfast red-hot, or experiencing a delay of sixteen seconds after giving his order for dinner, will please mention the fact at the office. Children will be welcomed with delight, and are requested to bring hoopsticks and shinties to bang the carved rosewood furniture, specially provided for that purpose; and peg tops to spin on the velvet carpets. They will be allowed to bang on the piano at all hours, yell in the halls, slide down the banisters, fall downstairs, carry away in their pockets dessert enough for a lord mayor's feast, and make themselves as insufferable as the fondest mother can desire.

"A discreet waiter, who belongs to the Masons, Odd Fellows, and Knights of Pythias, who was never known to tell even the time of day, is employed to carry milk punch and hot toddies to the ladies' rooms in the evening.

"Every lady will be considered the belle of the house, and boys will answer the bell promptly. Should any boy fail to appear at a guest's door with a pitcher of ice water, more towels, and pen and ink before the guest's hand has left the bell knob, he will be branded 'Slug' on his forehead, and be imprisoned for life.

"The hotel secretary has been carefully selected to please everybody, and can play billiards, lead in prayer, match worsted at the village store, dance the lancers, amuse children, is a good judge of horses, can curl hair, flirt with any young lady and not mind being cut dead when 'pa comes down,' can pack forty people in the best room in the house when the hotel is full, attend to the communicator, and answer questions in Hebrew, Greek, Choctaw, Gaelic, or any other polite language.

"Gentlemen can drink, smoke, swear, chew, gamble, stare at the new arrivals, and indulge in any other innocent amusement common in watering places, in any part of the hotel.

"The proprietor will take it as a personal affront if any guest, on leaving, should fail to dispute the bill, tell him he is a swindler, his house a barn, the table wretched, the wines vile, that he—the guest—was never so imposed upon in his life, will never stop there again, and means to warn his friends."

THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS.

High Cost of Living May Increase Salaries of Missionaries.

Discussions of the high cost of living entered into the first session of the Women's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Espicopal Church.

As a result the members of the association will help to raise money to pay the mission workers of the church on the frontier, and in small appointments a larger wage. According to the report read to the convention, 4,000 ministers are working for an average of less than $700 per year, some receiving as low as $200.

Tame Trout Bites a Finger.

Colonel Harry C. Trexler, quartermaster general, of Pennsylvania, and president of the board of trustees of the State insane asylum, is nursing a sore finger as the result of being bitten by a tame trout.

At his home, where he maintains a tiny trout stream, the colonel was teasing the biggest trout by dangling a large, juicy worm over the water. Finally, as he lowered the worm, the fish shot out of the water and seized both the worm and the colonel's finger. Colonel Trexler had the wound cauterized.

Could Identify 15,000 Crooks by Ears.

Seymour Beutler, for years the identifier for the Pinkerton detective agency, is dead.

It was said of Beutler that he had a knowledge of 15,000 crooks. For the past thirty years he had traveled from one end of the country to the other identifying criminals who had never seen him.

The ears, Beutler said, were his principal means of identification. They never change and cannot be disguised.

Heavy Losses in Oil.

Wild ducks are causing losses aggregating many thousands of dollars to the oil operators of the fields in the Tampico territory, in Mexico.

Offhand, it would be a hard matter to guess how these fowls could hurt the oil business.

This is the way they do it: With the first beginning of the cold season in the more northern portion of the United States myriads of wild ducks took their flight southward, millions of them continuing far down into Mexico.

Owing to the inadequate steel tankage storage facilities, many of the oil producers have been forced during the last several months to build earthern tanks to care for the big output of crude oil. Some of these earthern reservoirs contain as much as two million barrels of the product.

When the present wild duck season opened it was found that the fowls were apparently unable to distinguish the lakes of oil from water, and as a result they settled upon the placid surface of the oil reservoirs in great numbers.

The oil is of such a thick, heavy character that the ducks were unable to fly when their feathers became saturated with the fluid.

As a result the trapped ones have died by the thousands, greatly impairing and in some cases ruining the quality of the oil, it is said.

In order to keep the fowls away from the open oil reservoirs, most of the producers maintain a guard at these places day and night. Even with all the "shooing" the Mexicans can do, it is impossible to prevent the ducks from lighting upon the oil in large numbers.

New Lamp to Lessen Danger of Auto Accidents.

John M. Powell, of Los Gatos, Cal., is the inventor of a new automobile lamp device. Powell's improvement is a device for turning the lamps in the direction in which the car is directed. When the car is turned to the right the right lamp turns with the wheel and the left remains stationary. When the turn is made to the left the left light turns to the left and the right is stationary. With this method the turned light never throws its gleam across the stationary one and gives the motorist light in two directions at the same time, preventing accidents and making night driving easy and pleasant.

Famous Singer Dreads the Camera.

Adelina Patti, Baroness Cederstrom, now in her seventieth year, has developed a dread of photographers which comes near to being a mania. During her annual visit at Karlsbad, for the "cure," the prima donna, whose voice was unrivaled for more than fifty years, locked herself up in morbid seclusion, receiving few visits and declining all invitations, even those of royalty.

The reason is that she hates to have any one know that at last she is an old woman, in looks as well as in actual years. She has not allowed her picture to be taken since the last of her beauty vanished, which was only a few years ago. Now a wreck of her former self, she is filled with regrets for the compliments she was used to receive, even in her earlier sixties, on her "eternal youth."

It is four years since Patti's voice was heard in Karlsbad. Then she sang "Home, Sweet Home," for some charitable purpose, but it was a sad affair. Last year she lived in a hotel. There was another prima donna living there, and this lady occasionally sang "Home, Sweet Home" at the open window. Passers-by thought it was Patti and stood still and applauded.

That enraged Patti, and she vowed never again to live in a hotel. These and other vagaries give color to the report that her strong mind has broken with her voice and her looks.

Patti, on the last of her famous "farewell tours" of America, was besieged with the question: "How do you keep your beauty?" To this she replied:

"Up to forty I ate and lived as I chose. Since then I have eaten no red meat and have drunk only white wine and soda. When I feel weak a glass of champagne picks me up. I never touch spirits or liqueurs. I drink a great deal of water.

"My diet consists chiefly of light food and white meat, such as sweetbreads, sheeps' brains, fowl, and vegetables. I sleep with the window wide open summer and winter. An elaborate toilet at night is essential."

Japanese Ships for Canal.

Five new liners, two of 15,000 tons and three of 13,500 tons, have been ordered from Japanese shipyards by the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, according to advices by the Japanese steamship *Tama Maru*, recently arrived from the Orient.

The new liners are to be used in the European trade until the completion of the Panama Canal, when they will be placed in service between the Orient and the Atlantic coast.

Rides 50 Miles to Pay $5 Debt.

Making a fifty-mile trip on horseback to pay a debt of $5 contracted seven years ago, "old John" Hamult, with his grandson, Indian Louis Sam, arrived from Wapato, Wash., to settle his account with T. W. Farrell.

Although nearly 80 years of age, "old John" remembered every detail of the transaction, and when he came into Farrell's store he drew a leather pouch from his pocket, took out the $5, and said, in Indian language: "I came to pay you your money, five dollars; that's all I owe you, my old friend."

Farrell, who had quite forgotten that the Indian was indebted to him took down his books, found the entry of the loan. It developed that "old John" had not come to Ellensburg for seven years because he did not have the $5 to pay his debt.

Carried His Fortune in His Pocket.

The estate of Frederick Mallard, a fruit dealer, which was appraised recently in New York for the transfer tax, consisted almost entirely of cash, which was found in his pockets when he was discovered dead on October 29, 1906. The value of the estate was $8,351, of which $7,752, in bills of large denomination, was discovered on his body.

The circumstance was explained by the fact that Mr. Mallard was a buyer at public auction of fruit, which was sold by his three sons, Frederick Mallard, Junior, of 8 Little West Twelfth Street, Stephen Mallard, of Jersey City, N. J., and William Mallard, of 75 Gansevoort Street. He always carried a large amount of money with him in order to be able to take advantage of fruit auction sales. He did not leave a will, and his property was divided among his sons and two daughters.

Women Add to Cost of Living.

"Through imagined lack of time and foolish conformity to custom the women of the middle class are adding to the high cost of living," says Mrs. Ansel Oppenheim, of New York, who has made a study of the matter. She recommends housewives to rid themselves of false pride and not be ashamed to carry home their own purchases.

"In New York City," she said, "the delivery of goods seems to have become an

obsession with the woman of all classes. They expect everything, even down to a bunch of carrots, to be delivered by the dealer. That means horses, wagons, and one or two boys or men. These cost money, and necessarily it comes from the customers. It has been asserted that the dealer would charge just as much for his goods if he didn't have to deliver them. This is not a fact.

"In at least one uptown bakery and grocery are signs over the counter informing the customers that if she pays cash and carries her bread home herself she will get the loaf for nine cents, or three for a quarter. They tell you plainly on the sign that delivery costs money, and that if you pay cash they can afford to make the price lower because a bookkeeper will be unnecessary. On the item of bread alone a family using a loaf a day will save $3.65 a year. If a proportionate reduction were made on other items the saving would be very much more.

"In a small town in New Jersey a butcher opened a shop with no credit, no delivery, cheaper meat and good meat as his motto. At first the people rebelled; they had always been used to having their goods delivered and running a monthly account. But soon they began to see the advantage of the new plan, and now the butcher is doing a flourishing business without one bad debt and without the necessity of making his customer pay the salaries of two delivery boys and a bookkeeper. He is selling meat from one to ten cents a pound less than any other shop in town.

"The flat house where apartments rent from $30 to $50 a month, with elevators and hall service, palms and imitation marble, is a great discourager of bundle carrying. The woman is ashamed to be seen carrying a package from her grocer's. It is false pride, nothing else, and the first thing is to be overcome.

"This is a city of clubs. Why do not women who are really interested in the welfare of their families form a nondelivery club? Few flat dwellers live far from a grocer or a butcher, and to carry home their own supplies would not be a great tax on their strength. Let the grocer of your neighborhood dispense with all unnecessary help in this way and get cash for his goods, and see if he won't give his customers the benefit of it."

Thirty Volcanoes Active.

Thirty volcanoes are in eruption on the Island of Ninafoon, in the Tonga group, in the South Pacific, and many remarkable changes in the physical features of the island have resulted.

A large lake in the center of the island has dropped two feet from its original level, according to reports received at Sydney, N. S. W.

President Names Columbia Man as Chief Chemist of Government.

Doctor Carl L. Alsberg, chemical biologist in charge of the poisonous plant laboratory of the bureau of plan industry of the department of agriculture, has been selected by President Taft to succeed Doctor Harvey W. Wiley, the noted pure-food expert, as chief chemist of the government.

Doctor Alsberg is 35 years old. He was graduated from Columbia University and the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York. Subsequently he took a special course in chemistry in Germany. He has been in charge of the department of biological chemistry of the Harvard Medical School and secretary of the Boston Society of Medical Sciences. He was recommended highly by men foremost in science and education.

As Doctor Wiley's successor, Doctor Alsberg will be in charge of the enforcement of the pure-food law.

More Crude Material Brought to United States Than Ever Before.

Never in the history of the United States has the importation of crude materials for manufacturing been as large as for the first eight months of 1912, according to figures made public by the division of statistics of the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce. That the manufacturers of the country are busy is evidenced by the fact that the importation of that class of their raw materials which they draw from other parts of the world exceeds in nearly every instance that of the corresponding period of an earlier year.

Raw silk totaling 14,750,000 pounds was imported into the United States for the eight months period of 1912, as against 13,500,000 pounds for the like period of last year. Cotton imports for the same period were 102,500,000 pounds compared with 88,000,000 pounds in 1911. Hides and skins, India rubber, fibers, wool, and lumber show similar increases.

The total value of all crude materials imported for manufacturing during the first eight months of 1912 was $418,807,359 compared with $343,623,436 in 1911.

Finished manufactures, likewise, show an increase. The figures for the eight month period show the total value of these for 1912 to be $491,685,505 compared with $424,014,636 for the same period in 1911.

Could Swim at Eight Months.

To make his two-year-old daughter the world's perfect woman is the aspiration and avocation of Doctor Richard Grant, coach of track athletics at the University of Minnesota, and as far as he has gone he claims to have had the greatest success. He was a famous track star when at Yale and has "made" many Minnesota athletes. Since the baby was three weeks old her father has worked with her with the greatest care and zeal and his accomplishments to date are noteworthy.

The courses which have made the babe, Margaret Terry Hudson Grant, whose godmother is Ellen Terry, different from others of her age resulted in the following:

Every part of her body is perfectly formed.

She has a normal chest measurement of 19 inches and an expanded measurement of 20¾ inches.

Her biceps muscles measure 5 inches.

She could walk when she was ten months old.

She could swim when she was eight months old.

She weighs 28 pounds and there is not an ounce of superfluous fat on her little body.

She can walk up three flights of stairs and back without stopping.

"Margaret takes keen delight in her daily exercise," said Doctor Grant while he was putting her through her course. "She is just beginning to talk, and the more she realizes what she is doing the more energy she uses. The secret of it all is that I never allow her to tire. I watch closely to see that she is never fatigued, for once fatigued I would fear the consequences.

"When Margaret was born I determined to make her a perfect woman physically. I began when she was three weeks old, when I taught her to grasp my fingers when I passed them over her. The same as I have with Margaret can be done with any normal baby with systematic exercise and proper care.

"I have a variety of exercises for her, each of which has a certain duty to perform. She has a wand drill which strengthens and develops her chest muscles. I make a horizontal bar by holding my cane for her. She hangs to this cane forty-five seconds at a time and will be able to 'chin' herself in a short time.

"She can touch her hands to the floor without bending her knees as easily as she can stand up and swing back and forth while holding to my finger. She is getting her arms so well developed that it is beginning to tire me to hold her. Her back muscles are strengthened by reclining on the floor and rising without touching her hands to the floor to hold herself.

"I have succeeded in keeping her from getting bowlegged when she began walking at ten months by seeing that she 'toed in.' I was surprised when I discovered this would keep her legs straight. She has never been ill a day, has always slept at night, eats regularly, and takes great delight in her play. She is going to be perfect physically when she grows up, and that can be said of no woman in the world at this time."

Germany Fears Loss of Oil for Ships.

German military and naval circles are expressing misgivings in regard to the effect of the proposed State petroleum monopoly on the defensive establishment of the empire.

The naval men especially are said to be somewhat alarmed owing to the increasing use they expect to make of oil fuel in the fleet. They declare that inasmuch as Germany, under even the best circumstances, will need to buy large quantities of oil from the Standard Oil Company, it is very necessary to contract for such supplies for a long term of years ahead. Count von Bernstorff, German ambassador to Washington, during his recent visit to Berlin is said to have made strong representations in this direction and called attention to the fact that favorable contracts with the Standard were much in doubt if a controversy arose.

The situation, as depicted by the military and naval authorities, is all the more interesting in view of the fact that Herr Vengwinner, managing director of the Deutsche Bank, who won the kaiser over to the monopoly project, has made special use of the argument that the German navy could not afford to be dependent for all its fuel on the grasping American monopoly.

Divinity Students Fight Hazers With Hose.

Six biblical students at the Northwestern University, in Chicago, were ducked in Lake Michigan recently by about eighty fraternity men. The men who were thrown in the lake were captured after a raid on Heck Hall. They were caught only after a hard fight, and the noise of the many persons in the hall awoke the men on the

upper floors. The next thing the marauders knew, streams from two fire hose were pouring down on them.

The invaders made a hasty retreat, but took with them the six men who had been caught. The students were taken to a pier, where the ropes binding them were cut, and they were thrown into the lake.

Uncle Sam May Have to Help Soldiers Soared by Loan Sharks.

Loan agents are said to have a tighter grip on the pay of Fort Sheridan soldiers than they have had before. The government recently succeeded in overcoming this nuisance, but during the period in which the soldiers did not receive their pay, due to the failure of Congress to pass the annual army appropriation bill, they are said to have borrowed money at exorbitant rates.

Army officers are said to have started an investigation with the ultimate idea of having the government again come to the relief of the soldiers.

Searched Amazon Wilds for Rare Eggs and Nests.

After eighteen months spent in the jungles of Colombia, during which he made explorations in the country surrounding headwaters of the Amazon, where no white men had ever been before, Leo E. Miller returned to New York recently to bring his specimens to the American Museum of Natural History, which was responsible for the expedition. Its principal object was to obtain specimens of the nests and eggs of the cock of the rock, a rare bird, of which a few stuffed specimens exist in the museum.

No nests or eggs of this bird, however, had ever been seen, and the nesting and feeding habits were unknown in spite of the fact that many expeditions have attempted to get specimens. Mr. Miller brought back six nests, several old birds, several young birds, and a number of eggs. He discovered that the nests are made of mud and roots and attached to cliffs, that the parents feed on berries, and that the cream-colored eggs, mottled with brown spots, are about half the size of a hen's egg.

He worked, however, from February, 1911, to June, 1912, before he discovered any of these things. Then one day in the midst of a rapidly flowing stream, attached to the side of a bowlder, he spied a nest over which hovered one of the birds in question, with reddish orange plumage. In the nest was a young bird. On either side of the bowlder was a waterfall, and below the bowlder was a whirlpool. Yet the nest had to be obtained.

With the aid of the Indians who were with him, Miller managed to make a raft. On this they ventured into the stream. Fortunately they had taken the precaution to attach the raft to a strand of grapevine, because they were no sooner in the whirlpool than they capsized. They managed to reach land again by means of the grapevine.

In a second attempt to get the nest a tree was cut down. It was hoped by Mr. Miller that the tree would fall across the bowlder and so make a natural bridge by which one of the Indians could cross and get the nest. This, however, it failed to do.

The third attempt succeeded. Mr. Miller and two of his Indians waded into the stream up to their necks, and waited with outstretched hands while the third Indian from the shore poked the nest off the bowlder with a long stick. The nest fell into the river, and as it fell one of the Indians dived into the whirlpool after it and caught it in his teeth, as he was forced to use his hands and arms to swim with.

These adventures and further ones in which this bird participated took place along the Rio Naranjos. The other nests were found plastered on cliffs, and entailed some dangerous climbing. Miller says that he might have foregone the first nest if he had known that he would discover others. As a matter of fact, however, he brought back as many nests as he could, as absolutely none had been discovered before.

In his search for these nests he went to headwaters of the Amazon in the Caqueta district. This is one of the least known parts of the world, obsolutely unexplored. It is a thick jungle 4,000 miles from the coast and 6,000 feet above the sea level. From the tops of the trees there is one level of dense green as far as the eye can reach. It extends, in fact, a large part of the 4,000 miles.

These nests and birds are not the only part of the collection which Mr. Miller has obtained. He has brought back 2,300 specimens of birds and animals, including anteaters, deer, agouti, and eight kinds of monkeys. The agouti is a spotted rodent which often weighs as much as fifty pounds. Previous explorers have brought to the museum 8,000 specimens from Colombia, but Mr. Miller thinks many of his specimens are entirely new varieties. They are now in port awaiting the attention of custom inspectors, before they can be brought to the museum and compared with the specimens already installed there.

"Early in the expedition," said Mr. Miller, "I was taken down with fever, which everybody has in the Choco country. I was sick for three weeks, and since then have had no trouble of that sort. Arthur A. Allen, however, who was sent down to assist me, had chills and fever every day for months, and finally gave up and came back to New York.

"There were other dangers. The country is very rough, and a jungle is always difficult to explore. Then there were jaguars and poisonous reptiles to fear. In one part of the country boa constrictors abound. But they are not dangerous. They will harm no one unless molested. They feed on the water rodents, some of which weigh as much as ninety pounds. I saw boa constrictors which were at least twenty feet in length.

"The people of the country are mostly half-breeds, with negro, Indian, and Spanish blood. There are very few pure Spaniards, and in fact very few of the inhabitants have any Spanish blood.

"The people are all kindly and courteous, however, and what is theirs is yours. One can find food in any house. There were times in the jungle when we were hard put to it for food. We often took a sheep along to kill for meat. And we carried other provisions, such as corn. There are no fruit or berries in the jungle such as one expects to find, however."

Hunters Kill Lynx With Their Knives.

John I. Carpenter and C. H. W. Smith, of Blanca, Colo., have returned from a hunting trip, in which they spent most of their time on Mount Blanca. They are proudly exhibiting an immense lynx-cat skin. Both bear the marks of battle, and they tell an exciting story.

Carpenter awoke in the middle of the night when they were sleeping in an old cabin on Mount Blanca, and, in order to get a drink of water crept cautiously over Smith, who was sleeping at his side. Carpenter made the outward journey from the bunk safely, but in returning he stepped on Smith's toes.

Smith awoke with a start, and, deciding that Carpenter was a bobcat, began to belabor him.

As a result of strenuous kicks, which were delivered with force before Carpenter could make himself heard above the din, his right arm still bears marks of blue and is painful to the touch.

The incident had closed and both hunters were sinking into sleep when a real lynx crept into the camp and crawled upon the bed. Smith awoke, secure in the conviction that Carpenter was playing a practical joke, and, as a result of his delay in getting his bearings, the lynx got the start in the battle that followed.

Carpenter's lame arm prevented his making the most of the fight, and both were badly bruised before the lynx was overcome. They eventually managed to reach their hunting knives and the lynx was slain.

High Cost of Strikes in Jersey.

According to figures compiled by the State bureau of vital statistics, $1,966,547 was lost in New Jersey in the last year through strikes.

The total number of days lost was 1,004,635, and 32,344 persons were affected by the ninety-seven strikes.

Nineteen Light-harness Records Made this Year.

Nineteen new world's trotting and pacing records were established and new marks hung up for one year's winnings for both a trotter and a pacer in the thirty-ninth Grand Circuit season of racing which closed at Lexington. Baden established the new mark among trotters and Joe Patchen II. proved himself the greatest money-making pacer in the game's history.

The season was peculiar in that the horses were slow in coming to their speed. Three-fourths of the season had elapsed before the toppling of records began, and then record-breaking stunts were daily occurrences. Of the nineteen new records nine were made during the Columbus meeting, six at Lexington, three at Syracuse, and one at Monroe, the latter a half-mile track.

Baden and Joe Patchen II., leaders of the respective divisions of the Grand Circuit racing, gave wonderful performances throughout the year. Baden started sixteen times and is credited with eleven victories, was second once, third once, fourth once, and was unplaced twice during the year. Joe Patchen II. started thirteen times and won twelve races, finishing second in his other race.

On the eve of the closing of the campaign Uhlan reduced the world's trotting record for one mile to 1:58. The world's record for a trotting team was lowered from 2:07¾ to 2:03¾. The record for a pacing team was clipped to 2:02. The record for a four-year-old pacing stallion was reduced from 2:04½ to 2:02¾, and for a five-year-old pacing stallion from 2:03¼ to

2:02¼. The pacing race record for a mare was reduced to 2:02½, and the record for a three-year-old pacing colt to 2:05¼. In addition a number of records for the fastest racing heats were lowered.

The Grand Circuit this year gave sixty-nine days of racing; there were 256 races, and the total amount of money distributed was $539,804. The money was so well split up this year among the different stables that no driver approached the world's record for big-season winnings which Thomas W. Murphy, of Poughkeepsie, established last year, when his horses earned $83,300. Murphy won this year more than $44,000 with his own horses, and, in addition, he got about $8,000 when he drove Dave Halle, besides big sums with Anna Ax Me, Director Jay, and other horses upon which he accepted mounts, but technically Walter Cox, of Dover, N. H., heads this year's winning drivers, as horses entirely confined to his stables earned $54,885. The stables that earned more than $10,000 each are as follows:

W. R. Cox, $54,885; T. W. Murphy, $44,338; E. F. Geers, $41,730; A. McDonald, $37,226; A. S. Rodney, $37,015; Mackenzie Stable, $26,601; W. L. Snow, $23,278; W. G. Durfee, $22,950; B. O. Shank, $20,210; W. J. Andrews, $16,565; Estabrook Stable, $17,059; J. P. Fleming, $13,705; C. A. Valentine, $11,878; N. Ray, $10,895; R. L. Parker, $10,616.

Following are the new records:

FASTEST FOR AGE AND SEX.

Gelding—Uhlan, from 1910, 1:58¾ to 1:58.

Yearling Colt—Airdale (Wilbur Lou, 1910, 2:19½), 2:15¾.

FASTEST SINGLE HEATS.

Fifth Heat—Helen Stiles (Brace Girdle, 1911, 2:07¼), 2:06¼.

Sixth Heat—Manrico (Demarest, 1910, 2:09), 2:07¾.

FASTEST RACES.

Four Heats—Dudie Archdale (Soprano, 1911. Grace won first heat in 2:05¼, Soprano next three in 2:05¼, 2:05¾, 2:05¼). Billy Burke won first heat in 2:03¼, Dudie Archdale next three in 2:06¼, 2:04½, 2:06¾.

Five Heats—Grace (Brace Girdle, Billy Burke, Hailworthy, 1911), Dudie Archdale, 2:08, first; Billy Burke, 2:06, third; Grace, 2:04¾, 2:08½, 2:06¾, second, fourth, and fifth heats.

MILE—TROTTING TEAMS.

One Mile—Uhlan and Lewis Forrest (The Monk and Euity, 1904, 2:07¾), 2:03¼.

TROTTING—HALF-MILE TRACK.

Two-year-old—Nowaday Girl (Floy Belle, 1911, 2:10¾), 2:16½.

PACING—FOR AGE AND SEX.

Three-year-old Colt—Impetuous Palmer (Klatawah, 1898, and Jim Logan, 1909, 2:05½), 2:05¼.

Four-year-old Colt—Braden Direct (Online, 1894, 2:04), 2:02¾.

Five-year-old Stallion—Don Pronto (Searchlight, 1899, 2:03¼), 2:02¼.

FASTEST FOR AGE.

Four-year-old—Braden Direct (Searchlight, 1898), 2:02¾.

HEATS.

Sixth Heat—Babe (Planet, 1897, 2:06¼), 2:04¼.

Seventh Heat—Walter Cochato (Jerry B., 1908, 2:07¼), 2:06¾.

FASTEST RACES.

Two Heats—Evelyn W. (Darkey Hal, 1909, 2:03¾, 2:02¼), 2:03¾, 2:02¾.

Five Heats—Evelyn W. Minor Heir, 1908. The Eel winning third and fourth heats, 2:01½, 2:01, 2:05½, 2:08, 2:07), 2:01½, 2:03½, 2:01½, 2:03½, 2:04¾; Earl, Jr., winning second and third heats.

PACING TEAMS.

One Mile—Minor Heir and George Gane (Hedgewood Boy and Lady Maud C., 1909, 2:02¾), 2:02.

TROTTERS.

Baden, 2:05¼	$36,500
Esther W., 2:06¼	21,470
Manrico, 2:07¼	14,100
Cheeney, 2:07¼	12,225
Ruth McGregor, 2:08¼	11,016
Darsh Medium, 2:08¼	11,350
The Wanderer, 2:09¼	10,034
Dave Halley, 2:06¾	9,750
Baldy McGregor, 2:06¾	9,190

PACERS.

Joe Patchen, 2:03¼	26,550
Knight Onwardo, 2:05¼	10,405
Braden Direct, 2:02¾	10,000
Anna Ax Me, 2:08¼	6,720
Braham Baughman, 2:04¼	6,505
Evelyn W., 2:00½	5,680
Grand Opera, 2:12¼	5,085
Bessie B., 2:06¼	4,050
Mansfield, 2:06¼	3,965

Thanks Judge for 34-year Sentence.

County Judge Platt, at White Plains, N. Y., sentenced Fred Fawcett, or Harry Jones, a burglar, to thirty-four years and six months in Sing Sing Prison at hard labor recently. Fawcett, when he received the sentence, which will keep him in Sing Sing for the remainder of his life, said: "I thank you, judge."

As Fawcett had been indicted for carrying a revolver and for attempting to kill two Mount Vernon policemen after a robbery at the home of Frank R. Chambers, in Bronxville, Judge Platt could have given him a sentence aggregating close to ninety years. He has already spent twenty years in prisons, according to his admission.

Fawcett was arrested on a New York, Westchester & Boston train at Mount Vernon. He fought the officers, fired two shots at them, and then fled. The policemen fired many shots at him, three of which took effect. He recovered and is now as strong as ever.

House Built to Preserve Pastel.

A fine house is being built in the Avenue du Bois, in Paris, by Baron Henri de Rothschild specially to protect from harm his superb pastel by De La Tour, for which he paid $120,000 at the Doucet sale last summer.

When the baron got his purchase home and hung it in his present mansion in the Faubourg Saint-Honore, he found that it was likely to be damaged by the vibration of the heavy motor buses, which thunder down the narrow street and make the whole house shake.

An attempt was made to insulate the picture by placing the frame on small cables of India rubber, but the pastel continued to shake, and experts assured the baron that if it remained in that place the colors were bound to fall off, grain by grain, and the famous masterpiece would in time be reduced to powder.

The baron promptly decided to avoid this at all costs, and an old mansion in the Avenue du Bois was razed to the ground, in order to make room for the hotel to which the picture will be moved in a few months.

China Will Build Railroads.

Construction work in accordance with Doctor Sun Yat Sen's plan for gridironing China with a huge system of State-owned railroads will be begun on a large scale in the spring, the doctor stated recently.

Payment of an initial loan of $10,000,000 from a Belgian syndicate for railroad building is already in progress.

Fatal Explosion on Destroyer "Walke."

Lieutenant Donald P. Morrison was killed and eight men injured recently by the explosion of the steam chest on the United States torpedo destroyer *Walke*.

The accident occurred off Brentons Reef lightship, near Newport, R. I., while the *Walke* was preparing for her second quarterly trial. Lieutenant Morrison entered the service from Missouri in 1902.

The *Walke* was in company with several other destroyers when the forward end of the port turbine, together with the steam chest, was blown off.

Lieutenant Morrison, the chief engineer officer on board, was instantly killed, and the others were badly scalded.

The destroyers *Perkins*, *Sterrett*, and *Mayrant* were not far off and immediately went to the assistance of the *Walke*.

The wounded were transferred as speedily as possible, and the *Walke* sent to the torpedo station for repairs.

Boston's Mayor Wants City Pension System.

Mayor Fitzgerald's hope of a general pension bill, to apply to all city employees in Boston, is expressed in a letter that he has sent to the finance commission asking that the commission make a thorough study of the subject, frame a bill, and fight for it at the coming session of the legislature.

The mayor says that for several years the attempts made on the part of various persons to secure such legislation have either been combated by the finance commission, or have suffered by inaction on its part. He regards this step the most important that could be taken in municipal affairs at this time. In all the communications to the mayor's office by the finance commission, the mayor declares that not a suggestion for a pension system has been noted, though in the last few years many large municipalities have secured such legislation and large business concerns have provided for their employees. There is no reason, in the mayor's mind, why a clerk who becomes superannuated in the city service should not be provided for in his old age as a laborer or a mechanic is provided for under the laws that now exist.

Fifty Women Colonels in Europe.

Recently compiled statistics show that there are now about fifty women colonels in Europe. Most of them are of royal birth. First in the list are Grand Duchess Olga, eldest daughter of the czar, and her sister, Grand Duchess Tatiana. The latter, although only fifteen years old, is colonel of a regiment of lancers. The first woman to receive this military honor was Princess

Charlotte of Prussia, who married Czar Nicholas I., and who, on becoming a widow, asked her brother, then King of Prussia, to transfer to her the colonelcy of the Sixth Regiment of Prussian Cuirassiers. He did so, and thus the fashion was started.

Another New Air Record.

Operating a Thomas biplane, Walter Johnson recently broke the American aeroplane endurance record for a flight with one passenger, at Bath, N. Y.

Johnson remained in the air three hours fifty-one minutes and twelve seconds, covering a distance of 235 miles. He flew over a course between Savona and Bath, and remained at an altitude of about 650 feet.

Johnson's passenger was Arthur Blazier, a mechanician for the Thomas Aviation School. Mr. Blazier's weight is 165 pounds, and the rule of the American Aëro Club governing the endurance test requires that the passenger need not weigh over 150 pounds.

The endurance record was formerly won by Beatty, at Chicago, in 1911, being three hours forty-two minutes and twenty-two seconds. The flight of Johnson was witnessed by Winthrop Southworth, secretary of the Aëro Club of America.

Wishes to Better Convicts' Physical Condition.

Warden James A. Johnson, of the Folsem, Cal., penitentiary, believes that in seeking for the all-around betterment of prisoners, physical conditions should be given first consideration. As a result he has lately had thirty-two prisoners examined by eye and ear specialists. Treatment for throat trouble is being given to one or two, and several, whose eyesight was found to be impaired, were furnished with glasses. One prisoner is to be furnished with an artificial eye on the theory "that any improvement in a prisoner's looks will heighten his self-respect and make him more amenable to efforts for his reform."

Estate of Christian Science Founder Settled.

Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, founder of the Christian Science Church, had in Massachusetts at the time of her death $82,843.75 in personal property, and real estate valued at $155,000, according to the report of Thomas W. Streeter, Frederick E. Jennings, and John W. Worthington, who were appointed to appraise the estate by the Suffolk County, Mass., probate court.

All the personal property goes to the Christian Science Church, under the decision of the supreme court of New Hampshire, which sustained the will of Mrs. Eddy. The entire amount which the New Hampshire administrator will turn over to the church is about $2,000,000.

The Massachusetts supreme court, which has jurisdiction only over the $155,000 of real estate within the commonwealth, has decided that the statute bars the Christian Science Church from receiving this property as left by Mrs. Eddy's will, but that the property may be administered as a charitable trust by the trustees appointed by the court.

Pitcher Johnson Strike-out Star.

Joe Wood, of Boston, and Jeff Tesreau, of the Giants, share the top honors of the major leagues in percentage of games won for the 1912 season. But the former in his achievement has set the big leagues' mark so high that it is doubtful if it will be even threatened in many seasons. Second to Wood in the American League stands Plank, of the Athletics, Johnson, of Washington, capturing third honors in the unofficial records.

To the last named again goes the major leagues' strike-out record for the season. He was the only pitcher in either circuit to break the 300 mark, and with Wood and Walsh, of Chicago, the only one to pass the 200 post, each having 258 to their credit. In average of strike-outs per game, however, Wood's record is slightly better than any of the big three. It averages 6, while Johnson's average is a little over 5, and Walsh's a trifle better than 4.

Following Tesreau in the National League are Cheney, of Chicago, and Hendrix, of Pittsburgh, Marquard, the hero of the 19 straight victories early in the season, standing fourth. In strike-outs, Alexander, of the Phillies, is the league's leader with 188, Marquard being second with 175.

No less than eight National League twirlers passed the hundred mark in handing out passes, O'Toole, of the Pirates, topping them all with 154, and Tyler, of Boston, ranking second with 127. Kahler led the American in passes, handing out 112. Dubuc followed with 108.

As has been the case for many seasons, Walsh, of the White Sox, was the oftenest used pitcher, his name showing in 61 games. Johnson appeared in 56, and Coombs in 55. In the National circuit, Benton, of Cincinnati, showed the oftenest—49 games. Crandall came to the front in 48, and Sallee in 47 games. A remarkable record for steadiness was made by Mathewson, of the Giants. In 44 games he gave but 33 bases on balls, hit two batsmen, and made two wild pitches. His strike-outs match up well with the rest of his achievements, 132 having been credited to him.

Wireless to Fix Exact Time.

The exact time at a given moment in America and Europe has been established by wireless telegraphy.

After the middle of November it became possible for the first time to establish with precision the longitudes of America and Europe in their relation to each other by the exchange of wireless signals between the great station at Arlington, Va., and the Eiffel Tower, in Paris, and other European stations.

Commander Hough, at the International Time Conference, at Paris, France, declared that the observatory at Washington was distributing time with errors of only one-thousandth part of a second. Hitherto European and American time has been established by cable, allowances being made for loss of time in transmission, and it has been fixed only three times—in 1866, 1870, and 1872.

Hazer Fatally Shot.

As a result of a hazing prank, B. Frank Powers lies in the Wake Forest College Hospital, Wake Forest, N. C., between life and death, with a bullet in his left side and another in his shoulder.

This time it is a case of the hazer getting the worst of the bargain. He was shot by Gordon R. Rhoads, a freshman from Kingston, N. C. Rhoads went to a party. Powers and several of the other older students decided to waylay and haze him. When Rhoads was passing a building on a dark street, several men leaped out of the shadows and started for him. Without waiting to challenge his assailants Rhoads whipped out a pistol and began firing at the leader. Powers fell. Rhoads surrendered to the authorities, who were quickly on the scene.

Powers' intestines are punctured in five places, and surgeons hastily called from Raleigh held out no hope of his recovery.

Rhoads expresses regret for the shooting, but declares he was badly frightened and acted almost involuntarily.

Civil War Frigate to be Sold.

The old wooden frigate *Wabash*, of Civil War fame, for the past forty years receiving ship at the Boston Navy Yard, is to be sold. She was built in Philadelphia in 1854, of 4,600 tons displacement, and until 1859 was flagship of the United States Atlantic and Mediterranean squadrons. In the Civil War she captured several Confederate privateers, and after three days' bombardment forced the surrender of Fort Fisher, North Carolina.

Annapolis Students Must Patronize Uncle Sam's Shop Only.

Captain J. N. Gibbons, superintendent of the United States Naval Academy, has issued an order to the midshipmen calling attention to a regulation which forbids them patronizing any barber shop except the one provided at the Naval Academy. The regulation has been in abeyance for some years, but attention was called to it when Midshipman Julian B. Bishop, of Connecticut, a member of last year's graduating class, died just before the graduation of his class last year from blood poisoning, thought to be due to a cut received while being shaved in a local barber shop.

The action of the authorities is a serious blow to Annapolis barbers, as most of the midshipmen had their hair cut at the local shops. They complain that they have to wait too long at the academy shop.

Dollar a Mile for Carrying Mail.

Bids were opened recently for the continuation of the ocean mail service between New York City and Vera Cruz, Mexico. Only one bid was submitted, and that was filed by the New York and Cuba Mail Steamship Company, which for the past ten years has been handling the ocean mail contract over this route.

The figure for which this company now offers to carry the mail is the statutory rate of $1 a mile for each outward mile of the voyage, the service to be weekly, with stops at Havana, Cuba, and Progreso, Yucatan.

The distance to Vera Cruz, via Havana, and Progreso, being about 2,024 nautical miles, the contract will be worth about $2,024 a week to the company, or about $105,000 annually, and about $1,050,000 during the period of ten years, during which the contract is to run. As no other bid was filed, and the Cuba Mail line has been rendering satisfactory service to the government, it will be awarded the contract.

French Government Considering Serious Measure to Stop Race Suicide.

The French government is considering serious measures for combating the decline in the national birth rate, which last year showed a falling off of 32,869 births as compared with 1910. The minister of

finance has appointed a commission to investigate the causes of the decline and to suggest remedies. M. Klotz himself will preside, and among the members will be M. Ribot, M. Cochery, M. Bienvenu Martin, and M. Caillaux.

In emphasizing the importance of immediate action if France is to maintain her position in the world, Jacques Bertillon, the eminent statistician and brother of the inventor of the finger-print system of identification, points out that, whereas a century ago 27 per cent of the population of the great European powers were French, to-day the proportion is only 11 per cent. Formerly French was the most widely spoken language, to-day it is the mother tongue of only 45,000,000 as compared with 100,000,000 who speak German and 130,000,000 who speak English.

As for remedies, M. Bertillon insists that Frenchmen must be taught to regard a child as a burden which its father supports for the benefit of the whole community. In order that a family should pay what it owes to the state, he says, it should consist of at least three children, two to fill the places of the parents when they die, the third to fill the gaps caused by those who die before reaching adult age. In order to promote this end, M. Bertillon proposes a reduction of taxation upon fathers of three or more living children, in proportion to the number of living offspring—a system already adopted in Prussia, Saxony, Servia, Norway, Sweden, and parts of Switzerland. The laws of succession should be modified and formalities of marriage simplified. Mothers of large families should be assisted in various ways, and especial provision should be made for widows left with children. Finally, M. Bertillon suggests that among the humbler classes of public servants those candidates for employment by the state who have children should be considered as eligible in proportion to the size of their families.

Western Union Loses $220,000 Suit.

The Western Union Telegraph Company must pay into the treasury of Oklahoma $200,000 in taxes and costs and penalties, under a decision of the State supreme court rendered recently. The court holds that not only is the physical property of the company in the State subject to taxation, but the value given it by other property of the company outside the State must also be taken into account.

The Pullman Company and the interstate railroads operating in Oklahoma regard the telegraph case as a test, as the rule laid down applies to them.

The Western Union in 1911 and 1912 appraised its physical property in Oklahoma at $400,000, with a liberal allowance for depreciation by wear and tear. The board of equalization raised the valuation to $1,000,000, and refused to allow for depreciation.

New Home 10 Stories High.

There is a new way of being thrifty with millions—build a skyscraper house. Men of wealth at times have thought it necessary to spread their new-world palaces over half a block. It remained for John D. Rockefeller, junior, to achieve the same results with a 30-foot lot.

Land in New York is so dear that there are those who would believe themselves fortunate if they came into possession of some 10 feet of it, provided they had the choosing of the location. None knows this better than Mr. Rockefeller. Fortunately nobody owns the air as yet, and it is possible to jut up into the atmosphere as far as desired.

In Mr. Rockefeller's case it is pointed out that sentimental rather than economic reasons were involved. He wished to be next door to his father, and yet he wished to have a home that would suit his needs.

There was nothing for it but to go upward, and the new dwelling of eight stories which, in reality, amount to 10 stories, was the result. When it is completed within and without it will be one of the most modern structures in the metropolis. There is everything that modernity can suggest, as is shown by the fact that the son of the oil magnate will move about his home in elevators which are run express and local after the fashion of an office building.

The new skyscraper house is located at No. 10 West Fifty-fourth Street, New York. The entire seventh floor will be a gymnasium equipped with all the latest apparatus, a squash court, electric and Turkish baths.

The greater part of the eighth floor will be a sun parlor—the real living room of the house. There will be a roof garden, too, which will be the playground of the oil king's grandchildren. The playground will be surmounted by an ornamental pergola.

Opening off the large vestibule on the ground floor are two reception rooms. A private office and a breakfast room will also be located on this floor. The second floor will be devoted to a large drawing room, the dining room, and a music room.

On the third floor will be located the private suites of Mr. and Mrs. Rockefeller, junior, as well as a spacious library. A large playroom, bedrooms for the children and nurses occupy the entire fourth floor. Suites for guests and spare bedrooms occupy the fifth and sixth floors.

Young Mr. Rockefeller expects to occupy his new home about Christmas time.

Boston Railway Lost $491,600 in Fares During Strike.

Fares knocked down by imported strike-breakers during the recent elevated railroad's fight, in Boston, against the unions, which included bonuses of $5 to $10 paid the "breakers," cost the street railway company $491,600, according to its annual report made public recently.

Czar of Russia Learns How to Shoot Craps.

The "autocrat of all the Russias" beguiles away time by shooting "craps." So enamored is his imperial majesty of the favorite pastime of the American coon that he insists on sharing his fun with the ministers of state. His last pupil is M. Witte.

Prince Argow Gagarin, whose daughter—the Princess Sophia—is engaged to wed an Oregon lumberman, Graham Wilson—returned to Russia recently with a colored servant in his train. The prince came to the winter palace as a guest of Czar Nicholas. George Washington Lincoln Smith attended him as a body servant. The dark valet, although he has not yet mastered a dozen words of the difficult Russian language, elucidated the secrets of "craps" for the benefit of the palace servants' hall. Soon kitchen maids and footmen were excitedly calling the Muscovite for "seben, come eleben?"

The czar makes it a habit to visit the servants' quarters unannounced, every now and then. On his last periodic inspection he found G. W. L. Smith and two of the footmen in the throes of a close game of "craps." His presence was unnoticed until the game was won by the Afro-American. The czar sacrificed the imperial dignity in his eagerness to learn the principles of this—to Russia—novel pastime. Flushed by the honor of having the master of Russia for his pupil, Smith explained the rules of "craps" in the language of Georgia. The czar gave him a handsome present and thanked him in English, which he speaks fluently. Then his majesty returned to the drawing-room and amused the imperial family and the officers of state by instructing them how to "shoot craps."

President Pardons Obliging Cashier.

President Taft commuted to expire on December 23 the five-year sentence of J. Otis Wilson, who pleaded guilty June 14 of making a false entry in the books of the People's National Bank, of Salem, N. Y., of which he was cashier.

Wilson went to the penitentiary because he obliged a woman friend of his wife. It was this fact that led President Taft to order his release in time to be home for Christmas.

Mrs. Wilson's friend was a business woman of Salem, who overdrew her account. To give her an opportunity to replenish her deposit and prevent the officers of the bank from knowing of the overdraft, Mr. Wilson made a false entry on the books.

Nearly All Panama Hats Really Come from Panama, After All.

Contrary to popular belief, most of the panama hats sold in this country are really imported. A great many of them come from Colombia, where their manufacture constitutes one of the principal industries. The manufacture and sale of these hats has had a wonderful growth in the past two years. In 1911 the total declared value of the hats exported to the United States was $898,313, an increase of $387,355 over the preceding year. The center of the panama hat industry is Medellin, which exports some 60,000 hats per month to Europe and the United States. Most of the hats are called after the towns in which they are manufactured, and are delivered in Medellin to be packed and shipped. There is no fixed market price for them, as the business is done wholly through agents at the small towns where the hats are made. As a rule, the hats exported are of the inferior grades, ranging from $10 to $14 per dozen when ready for shipment. Even at this price, however, they are all hand made, and of good quality.

Larz Anderson Defrays Cost of New Approach to Harvard Stadium.

Larz Anderson, minister to Belgium, has paid $200,000 to the State treasury of Massachusetts to build the Anderson Bridge, between Boston and Cambridge, near the Harvard stadium. The bridge is given in memory of Mr. Anderson's father, Nicholas Longworth Anderson, of Cincinnati, a graduate of Harvard in 1858, and a brevet brigadier general in the Civil War.

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